

The Saturday Review

No. 2062, Vol. 79.

4 May, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE 569

LEADING ARTICLES:

The Silence of Japan 571

Worn-out Liberalism 572

The Future of the Orleans Family 573

A Significant Budget 573

Formosa:

By R. S. Gundry 574

Time and Tide at Westminster:

By Robert Wallace, M.P. 575

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:

The Protean Gas 576

The New Gallery 577

English Conductors and German

Capellmeisters 578

At the Theatres: By G. B. S. 579

Life Insurance as an Invest-

ment: Two Spendthrifts 581

Money Matters: New Issues,

&c.: Joint-stock Booby 582

Traps

Correspondence:

Mr. T. W. Russell on the Irish

Land Bill: By the Earl of

Belmore 584

Three-cornered Fights and

Second Ballots: By "Anti-

Fad" 584

REVIEWS:

The Far East 585

The Rise of Wellington 585

Sham Science 586

The New Corpus 587

A Friend of Sidney 588

Fiction 588

New Books and Reprints 589

Reviews and Magazines 590

Notes 591

ADVERTISEMENTS 592-600

CHRONICLE.

THE Government have had a small success to cheer them after the unexpected defeat in Mid-Norfolk; Mr. Leuty, an ex-Mayor, has kept the seat at Leeds by an increased majority. The Unionist candidate was a stranger to the constituency, and consequently at a disadvantage. Ministers, however, are greatly elated; they will insist upon an Autumn Session, at least so their supporters tell us, and hold on to power as long as they can. But what about the seat at Walworth left empty by the death of Mr. Saunders? Colonel Colquhoun Reade is the Liberal candidate, and James Bailey, of Bailey's Hotels, the Conservative who is to oppose him. The Government majority in 1892 was less than three hundred. If the Government lose this seat, as lose it they may, in spite of the fact that Mr. Reade has completed a house-to-house canvass of the constituency, Ministers will be in sad case.

This Mr. James Bailey is, we understand, mainly responsible for the fact that Sir Algernon Borthwick, of *Morning Post* renown, has not a seat in the Upper House. The tale runs that the Conservatives offered a peerage to Sir Algernon Borthwick, which he accepted, or was on the point of accepting. He found out, however, that the Government wished to give his seat in South Kensington (one of the safest Conservative seats in Great Britain) to Mr. C. T. Ritchie, while the Conservatives in South Kensington wanted Mr. James Bailey, who had grown up in their midst and who was exceedingly popular with them. It must be recorded to his honour that Sir A. Borthwick supported Mr. Bailey's claims, and when the party managers tried to make the acceptance of Mr. C. T. Ritchie a condition, Sir Algernon Borthwick refused the peerage, preferring to preserve his independence.

It has been noticed that since he became Prime Minister Lord Rosebery has made no new peer except the Speaker. We understand that this is due to the pressure exercised upon the Ministry by the Radical members of the Lower House. It is certain that this policy, if persisted in, will increase the Conservative majority at the next General Election. There are not a few wealthy Separatists who do not approve of the ascetic virtues recommended by the Keir Hardies of the revolutionary party.

In view of the praises showered upon him by the daily Press, we were compelled last week to refer to various incidents which showed that the new Speaker had bungled from nervousness, or from ignorance of the forms of the House. The same sense of justice forces us to admit that during this week Mr. Gully has done very well. He has made no mistakes, and the general opinion of the older members seems to be that in a short time he will become an efficient Speaker.

The appointment of the new Commissioner of Woods (Crown Lands) is a "job" of the worst description; even Radicals are ashamed of it. There ought to be two of these Commissioners, it seems: one for lands, and one for mines and town property. When Mr. Culley died a year or two ago, and left Sir Nigel Kingscote, this was Sir W. Harcourt's opinion; but Mr. Gladstone threw over his fighting lieutenant and forthwith appointed Mr. Stafford Howard. This was a bit of a "job." Now, directly after Sir W. V. Harcourt, on Sir Nigel Kingscote's resignation, has repeated his former profession of faith, Mr. Asquith gets Lord Rosebery to appoint Mr. John Horner, who has no other claims to the position than that his name is familiar to every one and that the Asquiths spent their honeymoon with him. Mrs. Horner, too, like Mrs. Asquith, was a "Soul."

On this matter a correspondent writes to us as follows: "There is no pleasing some people. The Central National Society for Woman's Suffrage, at their meeting the other day, had not a word of acknowledgment to the gallant Government under which the coveted Commissionership of Woods and Forests has just been conferred by a lady on a lady. Even the men are dumb: there are no compliments for Mrs. Asquith, no congratulations for Mrs. Horner. Surely all this shyness is needless. Of course the appointment is a job; but who grudges it? It is pleasant to know that Ministers are human after all, and that when two Souls have but a single thought, and the two Souls are ladies, and the single thought is a Commissionership, the virtue of the Cabinet is as wax."

One of the ablest Radicals acknowledged the other day that the Conservatives were likely to be in power for fifteen years out of the next twenty. The Unionists, he said, will probably be in power from 1896 to 1902. And even if a Separatist party is then returned, it will scarcely be able to keep office more than two or three years against the Opposition in the Commons and in the Upper House. This forecast seems to us to show no little power of impartial vision.

Why cannot "independent" papers tell us the truth about what goes on in the House? Even the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that usually shows a laudable desire to be impartial, makes mistakes occasionally. In its impression of Tuesday last it stated that Mr. Chamberlain, on his long-delayed first appearance in the House after the recess, "walked up the floor to a chorus of cheers from the Unionists on both sides." Mr. Chamberlain's reception was frigid in the extreme; only Sir Henry James and one other Liberal Unionist cheered at all.

Any one who wants to see Sir Edward Burne-Jones at his worst, ought to go to the New Gallery and study his Fall of Lucifer, which is blue enough to resemble the surrender of a starved garrison of Prussian Guards.

Mr. Chamberlain's conversion must be nearly complete; he talks now and then in a way that we can heartily commend. This is what he said to the jewellers at Birmingham the other evening: "There is no talk now such as we used to hear a few years ago about scuttling from this country or giving up that. On the contrary, it seems to be admitted that it is our business to hold what we have got, and that it is our business to take our full share of the opportunities and obligations which are open to us as well as to other nations. But I still think that Governments have not done enough. It is not enough to occupy certain great spaces of the world's surface unless you can make the best of them; unless you are willing to develop them. We are the landlords of a great estate, and it is the duty of a landlord to develop his estate."

The Anti-Parnellites were rejoicing over the result of the East Wicklow election when they suddenly learned that the new patriot was a Healyite. The election was a victory for the priests, and Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Sexton, McCarthy & Co. are now wondering how they will be dealt with when the power falls, as fall it must, into the hands of the man whom they have treated with injustice and contumely.

Mr. Bryce's Light Railways Bill will probably turn out to be a useful measure of very limited application. It will not make the fields "wave with golden grain," as Mr. Morley, we believe, promised would be the case if voters gave the Liberals a large majority, but at least it will do no harm if it can do but little good. It contains two principal provisions: it enables the County Councils to consider schemes for the construction of light railways, and allows any plan approved by the County Council to be brought before the Board of Trade for authorization, instead of before a Committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Bryce anticipates that an "enormous" saving will be effected by the substitution of this procedure for the Parliamentary procedure now in force. We are not so sanguine. Counsel and special witnesses may appear before a County Council just as before a Parliamentary Committee. But although we do not hope that much good will come of it, we prefer Mr. Bryce's Light Railways Bill to his heavy books.

The May-day spectre, which loomed so largely on the Continental imagination a few years ago, has faded comfortably away again. The "festival of labour" has come and gone, and left nobody the worse. The only demonstration which, in point of numbers or spirit, called for attention was in Vienna, and even there, although there were huge processions, and it is said that a quarter of a million emblematic medals were sold to the crowd, the police found no cause for interference.

Once more we find that the practical friends of labour are the Conservatives. At the last meeting of the London County Council, a motion, brought forward by Mr. Harry Marks, for an allowance to the jurymen serving on inquests, was carried. Under the present system, only persons serving on special juries get remuneration (£1 *rs.* per day), while working-men summoned on coroner's juries lose a day's work without receiving any compensation. Those who could afford to do without payment receive a guinea, those to whom every penny makes a difference get nothing. It was well to redress this injustice.

We are glad to see that the *Times* proposes, in its own words, "to set forth once more the scandals and dangers inseparably connected with the existing system of War Office Administration." The articles which the *Times* published four years ago were valuable and interesting, but they had not the grip of these new papers. Here are some questions which go to the heart of the matter: "Why do the cheapest navy and the dearest army in the world serve under the same flag? Why, with an expenditure of eighteen millions sterling, can Great Britain support a force of only 144,000 men with the colours? Why from this moderate force cannot a single Army Corps, if such an organization were desirable, be put quickly into the field without great strain? Why,

when a cavalry force, individually the most expensive in the world, is brought together, is it found to be unfitted for the purposes of war? Why is the field artillery, which but the other day was reduced in accordance with some passing prejudice, to be now nominally increased by the most questionable expedients? Why is the garrison artillery, which was beginning to comprehend its latest reorganization, again to be disturbed? Why is there no guarantee whatever of selection being conducted on simple grounds of fitness?"

An American Society has been established in London under the presidency of Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador. At the inaugural dinner Mr. Bayard made a speech which was distinguished by a certain quiet dignity of character that shines through simple speech. "The design of the Society," he said, "was to establish in the great centre of the world's commerce and finance a rendezvous for patriotic and social Americanism. They thought that there should be some place where American traditions, sentiments, and expressions should have their day in court and time of hearing." This last sentence might have been written by Emerson himself, and it shows how great has been Emerson's influence upon the best minds of America. "A simple manhood, a perfect good faith and honour," Mr. Bayard went on to speak of as characteristics of "American men and gentlemen." Mr. Bayard, we may assume, did not mean to establish any difference or distinction here, but to emphasize his feeling that it was incumbent upon the American man to be a gentleman.

On Wednesday evening last, Sir Charles Dilke spoke at the Liberal Club of Cambridge University. He had not spoken in Cambridge since he was at Trinity Hall thirty odd years ago, though he has addressed the Palmerston Club of Oxford more than once in the interval.

An entire generation of English readers has been brought up upon the bulletins of periodical struggles between M. Tricoupi and M. Delyannis, who none the less remain much more impalpable abstractions than any Greeks taken from Plutarch's Lives. What the quarrel is about very few people have ever taken the trouble to find out, and even this informed minority is at the moment scarcely wiser than the rest. The question of how to save Greece from bankruptcy broke Delyannis in 1892, and it has smashed his rival and whilom successor, Tricoupi, now. What definite plans Delyannis, again restored to power, has for grappling with this urgent problem it is too early to say. His former posture was one of defiance to the outside creditors, and, to judge from the speeches of his partisans, that would seem to be the idea which has triumphed in Sunday's elections. Notwithstanding this and in spite of the existing obstacles to joint action, it seems likely that Germany, England, and France will find some way of convincing the Greek people that at least the annual interest charge of less than two millions sterling must be paid.

In his paper on "Fair Children" at the Grafton Gallery, the art critic of the *Times* managed to surpass himself. His power of discriminating between water colours and oils is sometimes sadly to seek, but his love of doubtful Claudes is enthusiastic, and his loyalty would be thought extravagant at the Court of Peking. This is how he ends his article: "Then, too, we shall have to speak of other things besides pictures; of the books and the toys, and even, if we may venture to touch upon so august a subject, of the gilt cradle—lent by the Queen—in which two generations of English Royal children have been rocked to sleep."

No great or even considerable light in the world of letters was Gustav Freytag; but in the thin ranks of German writers his death leaves quite a noticeable gap. His two successes—one with his novel, "Soll und Haben," the other with his play, "Die Journalisten"—were not owing to any artistic merit. The slovenly diffuseness of the novel is well matched by the puppets who stand for characters in the play; and when, like a weak man who cannot distinguish the limits of his powers, Freytag

4 May, 1895.

attempted in "Die Ahnen" a work which Balzac himself relinquished as too arduous, he came to complete grief. Nor were his failures as a novelist, dramatist, and politician compensated by an amiable personality. The republication, in 1889, of extracts from the journal he kept during the Franco-German war, and from letters he wrote as a correspondent with the Crown Prince's army, was with justice resented by German public opinion. Whatever the weaknesses and limitations of Frederick III. may have been, he was at least the unvarying friend and protector of Freytag.

The work of the Chitral expedition is almost done. General Gatacre's further march to Chitral has been countermanded. The Khan of Dir, who has all along proved himself a loyal ally of ours, crowned his services by bringing Sher Afzul and four hundred of his fighting men prisoners into Dir, and they are now en route to India, under the charge of Captain Young-husband. As for Umra Khan, there are vague and various rumours as to his whereabouts. According to one report he was entrapped by the Afghans, and is now a prisoner in Asmar fort; but the best authenticated report asserts that he has sought the protection of the Afghan Commander-in-Chief, and is now at Jalalabad. On the whole, so far as the carrying out of the purposes of the expedition is concerned, the result has been most satisfactory, and all praise is due to Sir Robert Low for his wonderful organization of victory. Even the most sanguine of his admirers must have been astonished at his achieving such brilliant success in so difficult a country within three weeks.

The account of the siege of Chitral published in Wednesday's and Friday's *Times* is like the story of a siege in the Middle Ages. We read of machicolated galleries and mines and countermines; the hurling of fireballs at the besiegers, and the lighting of fires on platforms along the walls of the fort at night; whilst the enemy on their side prepared great scaling ladders and constructed a pent-roof which could be moved up to the foot of the wall. So wonderfully accurate and deadly, it appears, was the enemy's shooting that none of the garrison dared even to look through the loopholes, and they were obliged, under cover of carpets, tents, and anything else that would suit the purpose, to build walls to protect the interior of the fort, which was exposed to hostile fire from the neighbouring hills. At the last the garrison were reduced to eating horseflesh. By all accounts the Sikhs fought magnificently; even those in the hospital could not be kept from joining in the fight.

Our little difficulty with the Nicaraguans seems likely to be soon settled, in spite of all the patriotic indignation of Spanish ladies. Of course, our American cousins were not likely to let slip such an opportunity for business; and it is said that, as a condition of making the necessary loan to the Nicaraguan Government, they will ask for certain concessions in connection with the Nicaragua Canal.

In replying for "Literature" at the Booksellers' Trade Dinner on last Saturday evening, Mr. Hall Caine made a touching confession. Authors, he said, "trouble themselves far too much about what the newspapers said of their books, and a great deal too little of (*sic*) what the ordinary public thought of them. . . . If popularity was not, on the whole, a sign of merit, it was at least the best criterion of merit that had yet been found." According to this criterion, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is four or five times better worth reading than "The Manxman." Poor Mr. Hall Caine! Just as in his novels his utmost effort at characterization is ventriloquism practised upon wax figures, so, in responding for literature, he finds it impossible to project himself outside his own position. Fifty thousand of the great Non-conformist middle class buy "The Manxman"; consequently Mr. Hall Caine commits himself fatuously in this way: "No good book could ever fail of a substantial recognition." What substantial recognition, we wonder, had Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyám" ten or even twenty years after its publication, and yet it will brave the gnawing of Time's tooth when all the "good" books produced in this generation shall have been forgotten.

THE SILENCE OF JAPAN.

SILENCE often contains a menace more threatening than words. Germany, Russia, and France have "advised" Japan in all friendliness to give up all the territory she has conquered on the mainland of China, and to content herself with small profits for a great adventure. Japan received this friendly advice in silence. Many days have passed away since the counsel was given, and still Japan says nothing, at least officially; but the time when she must speak is drawing near. In accordance with the arrangements made at Shimonoseki, Li Hung Chang will be at Chefoo on the 8th inst. ready to exchange with the Japanese envoy the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace. Will Japan venture to ratify the Treaty in defiance of the advice tendered by Germany, Russia, and France? Most people think that Japan will not dare to take such a step as this—a step that would probably lead to war. But last week we gave extracts from a Japanese newspaper which were characteristic of the whole Japanese Press, and which showed clearly enough that, whatever official Japan might think or do, the ordinary Japanese citizen, so far as the Japanese journalist could interpret him, was willing and eager to fight with one or more European Powers. And the *Times* correspondent, telegraphing from Kobe, corroborates our opinion. "The Japanese Ministry," he says, "have adopted a resolute attitude against Russian dictation. They deny Russia's right to interfere, and even contemplate defiance, believing that the Russian military forces in the East are not powerful enough to enforce her demands." And the actions of Japan are still more menacing than the declarations of her Press or the attitude of her Ministers. The new fortifications of Port Arthur have been completed, and that place, we learn, "is stronger for offence or defence than ever it was; every other strategical position within the ceded parts of Manchuria has been similarly improved." We read in the *Times* of 2 May that "there is no relaxation in the Japanese preparations for a renewal of the war. . . . Great activity prevails in the arsenals and dockyards, and in particular the work of fitting out all the captured Chinese warships for active service is being carried on with great energy. The crews for these vessels are all ready." It looks as if Japan meant to fight rather than follow the friendly advice of the European Powers. And in our opinion, if she did fight, Japan would not be beaten so easily as most persons assume. Let us examine the situation a little more nearly.

The triple alliance of Germany, Russia, and France has within the past week shown signs of falling to pieces. As was to be foreseen, Germany is drawing back, and the reason why Germany should have been the first to invite concerted action against Japan and should now be the first to sing small, is surely clear enough. For many years past the policy of Berlin has been steadily directed to one very natural object. Watching with apprehension the remarkable increase in the power of France, Germany wishes to involve France in a war with England, and the only difficulty of the present situation, from the German point of view, is that the *rapprochement* between Russia and France is most unfortunate. Still, it is understood that German diplomatists would not resent the co-operation of Russia and France if the two Powers could be entangled in a war with England and, say, Japan. Germany has everything to gain from such a conflict: she would gain commerce and trade, and an extension of manufactures, at the cost of England; and whether Russia and France won in the struggle or were beaten, they would certainly both be so weakened as to be unwilling to engage in another war for the next twenty years. This is why Germany was the first to invite co-operation against Japan, and why Germany is now drawing back. Her mission is to excite antagonisms, and she shows her hand so very plainly that only children could be deceived by her manœuvring. We read in German papers that naval and military experts in the Fatherland are asking how the three Powers are to enforce their remonstrance without the maritime co-operation of England. That is as much as to say that German experts pretend to think that Japan might safely defy the three Powers, or at least Russia and France. But this is not true. Japan might safely defy Russia and Germany. The Germans have no

coaling stations in the Far East, and their ships could not operate in Japanese waters without the assistance of England, who might declare coal to be contraband of war and refuse to provide it. The Russians have the same difficulty, aggravated by the fact that many of their best vessels are coast-defence ships unfitted for long sea voyages. And on land the Russians could do nothing against the Japanese. They have been pushing troops eastward for the last three months; but it will be midsummer before they could place 50,000 in the field in Manchuria, whereas the Japanese could oppose them with three times that number within a month. With the refitted vessels of the Chinese fleet, the Japanese might be trusted to give a good account of Russians and Germans combined. But when Russia obtains the assistance of France, the position is altered. In Tonkin the French have lots of coal, and the French fleet would in time be able to sweep the Japanese vessels from the seas. True, the Japanese could still hold Port Arthur, but their own ports would be shelled and their coasts devastated—in fine, though the war would be long and costly, it would surely end in the eventual triumph of the French and Russians.

Of course, if England chose to interfere, this result would be reversed. England and Japan would easily beat Russia and France; but before this end was reached, fast French and Russian cruisers would have preyed to repletion on English commerce, and we should have lost probably four or five hundred million pounds worth of trade, the greater part of which would have gone to Germany. The stake is not large enough to make it worth our while to fight for it. For instance, our trade with China is three times as great as that of all the rest of the world; but still our trade with China is only worth forty-two million pounds a year, and the greater part of that will remain with us even if we do not fight for Japan. We have gained the friendship and goodwill of Japan by refusing to join the coalition against her; we may still do her good service through diplomacy; but it is our duty to counsel her that she stands no chance in war against Russia and France combined, and that it is her true policy to yield, for the present at least, to the unreasonable demands of these Allies.

WORN-OUT LIBERALISM!

ALMOST every one of Mr. Balfour's speeches outside the House of Commons contains some remark of more than temporary interest. He is the only speaker of the day from whom we expect something better than the journalism of political oratory, and this something better is usually a thought or *aperçu*, and not one of those happy verbal conjuring-tricks whereby a platitude is turned into a proverb. Mr. Balfour is a thinker, and not a dexterous craftsman of words, and more than any other man the thinker requires leisure and detachment from life in order to do justice to his powers. We are continually surprised that one so immersed as is Mr. Balfour in the business of statesmanship and its multitudinous details, should find time or energy to shield himself from the conflicting surface-waves of life in order to study the deeper currents of it. No matter what the occasion might be, whether merely necessary and trivial, or of ceremony and compliment, he draws away sooner or later from the commonplace and the trite, and says something that arrests the attention and is worth consideration. For instance, at the annual meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League, which was held in Covent Garden Theatre on 26 April, Mr. Balfour made a speech which deserves more attention than it has yet received from the Press. From more points of view than one the speech was a masterpiece. He began it with a touching reference to the loss of Lord Randolph Churchill, who had been the "inaugurator of that great League which now counts a million and a quarter of members, of whom more than a million belong to the working classes." He went on with characteristic loyalty to thank Mr. Chamberlain for "nine years of the closest political co-operation and the closest personal friendship." He declared that he looked forward to a permanent union with the Liberal Unionist party. And wiseacres, pouncing upon these generous words, have asserted that Mr. Chamberlain will be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next Unionist Government, and will consequently

possess more power than certain of the Conservative rank and file would willingly concede to him. Such speculations seem to us almost childish. We hope that Mr. Chamberlain will be in the next Unionist Ministry, and we are assured that he will have at least as great a place and at least as much power and authority therein as his talents and following naturally give him. So long as the stakes are those of personal advantage, we believe Mr. Chamberlain to be one of the best players in the world; but, at the same time, his recent declarations as to the necessity of extending English influence having been of such a nature as to reassure the most uncompromising Imperialist, we do not see why power should be denied him. Mr. Chamberlain has learnt that trade follows the flag, and is prepared, it seems, to extend English trade and prestige wherever and whenever it may be profitable to do so. "We" (Englishmen), he said the other day at Birmingham, "are the landlords of a great estate; it is the duty of a landlord to develop his estate." This, we venture to think, is the tone of a man with whom Mr. Balfour will find it easy to work, and to whom a great position can be accorded in the Unionist party, not only without danger, but with advantage to the party itself and to its abiding interests. Mr. Balfour's generosity, therefore, we are inclined to think, is not misplaced.

Evidences of good feeling, however, qualities of tact and kindness, are too evident always in Mr. Balfour for us to mention a speech containing them as if it were unusual or memorable on that account. Mr. Balfour was not content to say that he looked forward to the fusion of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives into one party without giving some reason, drawn from the time or circumstances, for the advisability of this amalgamation; and although this reason of Mr. Balfour has been passed over by the daily Press as if it were an unconsidered rhetorical utterance, we venture to regard it as a most serious and philosophic reflection which Mr. Balfour has used, not only to convince Mr. Chamberlain, who, indeed, needed but little convincing, but also the Duke of Devonshire, who is more cautious and whose motto always is "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*." Mr. Balfour himself asserted that his hopes were "based upon even a stronger foundation than personal friendship and personal regard," and he then went on, "I think that those who contemplate with a detached gaze the course of political history in England during the last two generations must have come, with me, to the conclusion that the old-fashioned Radicalism of which the modern Gladstonian is the legitimate heir, great as its services may have been in a particular period and at a particular crisis of our history, is now a force absolutely played out. I do not, of course, mean—I am not so foolish as to suppose—that so great an organization as that of the Gladstonian party, enforced as it is by all the traditions which have gathered round the history of the party, is not still a power in the State to be reckoned with; a great power, a power which, it may be, will require all our energies to deal with. What I do mean is that it is a party of the past and not a party of the future. What I do mean is that the ideas which once animated it, gave it strength, gave it vitality, gave it a future, are decaying ideas. If the Gladstonian party is to be restored to vitality it must be by calling in new forces—and revolutionary forces—which the forefathers of the present party, to whatever period they might belong, would have repudiated with indignation." This, it seems to us, is an important declaration, which deserves to be considered at length and treated seriously. We are in hearty agreement with every word of it, if we may be allowed to substitute "Liberalism" for "Radicalism" in Mr. Balfour's statement. Nay, we are prepared to go even further than Mr. Balfour. Not only is the old Liberalism a worn-out and devitalized creed, but the new Radicalism, which Mr. Balfour so well calls the "revolutionary force," has, too, in our opinion, almost spent its strength. We have many reasons for believing this, some of which we intend to set forth, sooner or later, in a series of papers dealing with political parties and their relations to economic theory. But one reason may here be stated briefly: the Separatist party has hung two mill-stones round its neck—Home Rule for Ireland, and the abolition of the Second Chamber—measures which stand no chance of acceptance by an English electorate.

THE FUTURE OF THE ORLEANS FAMILY.

WHEN the betrothal of the Duc d'Aosta to the sister of the Duc d'Orléans was first announced, it was assumed that the marriage would take place at Stowe House, the Buckinghamshire seat of the exiled family. The present understanding is that it will be celebrated at Turin. A current report, into the veracity of which we need not probe too searchingly, ascribes the change of venue, so to speak, to the resolution of the Princess Hélène herself. "No," she is described as saying; "I was born at Twickenham; I was christened at Kingston; I buried my father at Weybridge. Is that not enough? Really, one cannot have everything happen in England!" There are not so many gay speeches recorded of the solemn and pawky descendants of Philippe Egalité that we can afford to doubt the authenticity of this. It has its political aptness as well. Just now, when the prevailing French mood is to observe all things English through a jaundiced haze of dislike, it is particularly important for the Orleans family to keep the British side of their career well in the background. This is rendered all the more necessary by the fact that a cousin of the young gentleman who thinks of himself as Philippe VIII., to wit Prince Henri d'Orléans, is conducting an active and embarrassing dynastic campaign on his own account out in Siam and along the Thibetan watershed which gives rise to the Mekong, whence he maintains a spirited fusillade of the most violent anti-English literature to be had at any price. Naturally, this puts people who were born in Twickenham at a patriotic disadvantage, and they seem to be doing their best to redress the balance. It is understood that the Duc d'Orléans now speaks English with a marked accent and increasing difficulty. The intimates of the family have all sorts of pleasant little tales for French ears of the indescribable boredom and comic insularity of the countryside about Stowe House. It is quite credible that the most curious and characteristic incident at the funeral of the late Comte de Paris—that of charging the guests assembled at Stowe House full restaurant prices for the luncheon spread in its dining-room—has become in French minds, under adroit management, merely another example of British eccentricity in matters of taste.

If the Orleans family have, indeed, decided that no more of their domestic events need happen in England, we will all try manfully to dissemble our tears. A good many royal personages have found it convenient, at one time or another, to quit the Continent for these hospitable shores. We recall that the William, Prince of Prussia, who was destined to become the titular founder and first head of a great new empire, sought refuge here from the Revolution of 1848, and that, ten years afterward, the friendships then formed blossomed in a dynastic intermarriage which was in itself of the nature of an idyll, and which has ever since profoundly affected our relations with Berlin. There is a soft side, too, in even the sternest democratic memory to be found among us, for the ill-starred Louis Napoleon, who passed many years of his manhood here, who was England's ally and admirer when luck and courage gave him his throne, and who came back to us in his evil days to die. Many others can be remembered, but of them all the Orleans family leave the heart coldest. Their principal modern figure, King Louis Philippe, spent eight years of his early exile here; but one would search in vain through the records of his subsequent reign of eighteen for any hint that he recalled the experience with kindly emotions. It was only when he had lost that pear-shaped rotundity so dear to the caricaturists that he remembered how much he liked England. The respectable grandson who kept the Orleanist tradition and claims alive after him, and who died last autumn in England, where more than half his life had been lived, never displayed any striking regard for his hosts, and in the least worthy period of his semi-public career made a deliberate alliance with the "Boulangists," whose avowed aim was a quarrel with *perfidie Albion*. As for the present head of the house, England knows and cares very little about him, and certainly cannot imagine itself, under any circumstances, investing him with the smallest fraction of the general interest which surrounded the late Prince Imperial. The most adventurous fancy does

not picture an Orleans prince clad in a British uniform, much less meeting his death side by side with British troopers.

It is probably true, on the other hand, that their identification with England has not helped the Orleans family in the pursuit of their inherited ambition. They have marriage relations with Portugal and Denmark, and now there is to be the much more important matrimonial alliance with the house of Savoy. Will these connections help them? It is said in France that important politicians are coquetting with the idea of an Orleanist restoration, and the name of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is given openly as that of a man who, if he becomes Premier, will be reasonably enough suspected of an intention to play the part of Monk. It is, moreover, apparent that the fierce Republican spirit of 1886, which seized upon the marriage of the Orleans princess who is now Queen of Portugal as a pretext for exiling all pretenders, has been mitigated almost to vanishing point. The betrothal of her sister, the Princess Hélène, took place upon French soil, and the President of the French Republic was among the first to congratulate her intended husband, the nephew of the King of Italy. It is understood that at the forthcoming marriage France will be officially represented. The dream of winning Italian friendship, and thus breaking the Triple Alliance, is discussed by Parisian journals as the not improbable outcome of the marriage. This is treating the Princess Hélène as a daughter of France, and the logical corollary is that her brother must be its son, and should be its King. The French have accepted stranger and more unexpected conclusions, before now, in the sacred name of logic. The accident, too, which has prostrated the Prince at Seville with a fractured tibia, is seen to be attracting more attention in Paris than could have been expected a year ago. The late Comte de Paris might have fallen from many horses without exciting general interest among his fellow-countrymen. The hints of possible dangerous complications which the doctors in attendance are cautiously doling out, may or may not be warranted. They have the effect of giving France an invalid, young, rich, spirited, and high-born, to think about. It is impossible not to wonder whether the day of the Orleans family is really about to dawn.

A SIGNIFICANT BUDGET.

AT first sight the Budget of Sir W. V. Harcourt might appear to be insignificant and common; there is little or nothing striking in it. The new death-duties were calculated to yield £1,000,000, and really brought in £970,000; the gross receipts were half a million higher than the estimate, but this is due to a slight increase in trade and commerce that was not un hoped for. Yet it seems to us that because this Budget can boast of no extraordinary features, it is peculiarly worth studying. No man should gauge his income from a very good year or from a very bad year, but from an ordinary average year. And for the same reason this latest, or, as he himself tells us, this last, Budget of Sir W. V. Harcourt is very significant.

The only inference that must necessarily be drawn from these masses of figures is the gradual growth in prosperity and importance of the lower middle and the working classes. A large increase has taken place in the purchases of tea, cocoa, meat, eggs, butter, cheese, and tobacco, which shows clearly that the working-man and the small tradesman are becoming more prosperous; the burden of life presses more lightly on these bowed shoulders. Moreover, there has been an increase of ten millions sterling in deposits in Post Office Savings Banks and similar institutions; manifestly the process of levelling-up is going on apace. There are, naturally enough, certain indications that this levelling-up process, as applied to the lower classes, is connected in some subtle and mysterious way with a levelling-down process, which seems to operate to the disadvantage of the large body of the upper middle-class, apparently without touching the very rich. This is worth considering. The new death-duties, as we have already said, have brought in practically the million they were calculated to bring in and this in spite of the fact that

the year 1894 was an exceptionally healthy year. As Mr. Goschen put it somewhat maladroittly, "75,000 people less died last year than ought to have died." It is, we believe, understood that had the year been a normal one in this respect the death-duties would have yielded about £100,000 more than they were estimated to yield, instead of some £30,000 less; that is, the very large fortunes have not suffered by the depression of the last four or five years. There are in our time persons so rich as to be placed beyond vicissitude; just as there are some ships that cross the Atlantic as safely in storm as in sunshine. Save through these new death-duties the very rich do not feel the drain caused by the levelling-up of the lower classes as do the upper middle class of tradesmen, manufacturers, and professional men. Naturally enough, the artists, men of letters, and actors feel the handicap most severely; but the doctors, lawyers, and clergymen feel it too, and the small merchants and large shopkeepers grow impatient of the burden without understanding its significance. These inferences may all be deduced from two or three facts. First of all, the consumption of wine is constantly decreasing. Since 1875 the quantity consumed has fallen from 17,250,000 gallons to 13,830,000 gallons; and in the last year, in spite of a slight increase in prosperity, this fall has grown very rapidly; 250,000 gallons less were drunk than in 1893-4; and £1,144,000 was spent in wine last year, as against £1,210,000 in 1893-4. Take it in another way, 825,000 dozens of sparkling wine were consumed in the very prosperous year 1890, whereas only 650,000 dozens was consumed last year. Brandy, too, a liquor consumed chiefly by the richer classes, has fallen 31 per cent in the last fifteen years, whilst the population has grown 13 per cent. Last year it yielded £127,000 short of the estimate, and £91,000 less than in 1893-4. The growth, too, in the consumption of tobacco has been accompanied by a decrease in the consumption of costly cigars. Every figure points to the same result, that the upper middle classes have suffered, while the poor have benefited in an extraordinary degree: the consumption of wine, brandy, and good cigars has decreased; while the consumption of meat during the three years 1891-3, as compared with the three years 1882-4, has increased from 108 lbs. per head in the eighties to 119 lbs. per head in the nineties, or something over 10 per cent.

FORMOSA.

ATTENTION has been so much concentrated upon the Liao peninsula, on account of its strategic position at the entrance to the Gulf of Pecheli, and the manifest uneasiness of Russia at its prospective retention by Japan, that the importance of Formosa has been hardly estimated at its true worth. Yet if the Japanese retained no other fruit of their victories than this great island, it would be no contemptible guerdon for a six months' campaign. Stretching 225 miles along the coasts of Fohkien and Kwangtung, Formosa, in the hands of an alien Power, would weigh upon South China scarcely less heavily than Port Arthur would weigh upon the north; and the position of the Pescadores in mid-channel completes the command of the trade route between south and north which its possession would confer upon a naval Power. The two groups seem, in fact, to complement each other; Formosa supplying area and natural wealth, while the Pescadores possess excellent harbour accommodation, in which Formosa is somewhat deficient. Nor is China alone interested in the proposed change. Formosa in the hands of China was a negligible quantity to the owners of Hong Kong, but Formosa in the hands of an active Power which might be expected to create a naval station at Makung, the chief port of the Pescadores, would demand much more serious consideration.

It is only within the last twenty years that the Chinese connection with Formosa has been drawn close, and it is due, remarkably enough, to Japanese pressure that this was done. It would take too long to narrate all the circumstances which led to a Japanese invasion of the island in 1874; suffice it to say that a dispute about ill-treatment of shipwrecked seamen was allowed to grow to serious proportions by the incompetency of

Peking statesmen, but was eventually composed by Sir Thomas Wade's mediation; and that Formosa, which had been treated, so far, as merely an outlying appanage of Fohkien, was created a separate province and given the energetic Governor, Liu Min-chuan, who defended it ten years later against the French.

It had been opened to European intercourse in the meantime, under its Chinese name of Taiwan, by the treaty of Tientsin; and four places—Kelung and Tamsuy in the north, and Taiwan and Takow in the south—had been marked off for foreign residence and trade. Kelung is the only one of these that possesses a good natural harbour, and that fact, combined with the proximity of certain coal mines, commended it to the attention of Admiral Lépès, who succeeded, after one repulse, in taking and holding it during the remarkable hostilities which were not war, that preceded the French annexation of Tongking. The port was surrendered and the blockade raised, on the signature of the protocol of Paris in 1885; and Liu then set himself to organize and develop his dependency. A new capital was built in the north, named Taipeh, and a railway made to connect it in one direction with Kelung, while a southerly extension, intended to run down the coast to Taiwan, has been completed as far as Hsin-chu. Measures were also taken to extend control over the aborigines who occupy the forest-clad mountains in the east. The common Chinese official vices of nepotism and corruption have operated to hinder progress and create fiscal trouble here as elsewhere. Still, much has been done; and the Formosa of 1895 shows a marked advance on the Formosa of 1874.

One of the earliest settlers after the treaty of Tientsin was an English merchant, Mr. John Dodd, who was one of the first to explore the savage country and knows probably more than any other foreigner about the interior of the island. Mr. Dodd was, I believe, the first to discover tea growing wild in the interior, to set up firing establishments, and inaugurate the trade which has since assumed such important proportions. He discovered petroleum wells too, and the cinnamon-tree, in the course of excursions undertaken partly from a desire for exploration and partly to promote the trade in camphor, which is one of the principal articles of commerce. For the reason, probably, that travel was then so dangerous that notes had to be taken fragmentarily, and observations made surreptitiously when barometer and sextant could be safely extracted from their places of concealment, Mr. Dodd has never, I believe, published the result of his explorations. It would be matter of congratulation if the renewed attention which circumstances have attracted to the island should induce him to undertake the task.

Little seems to be known regarding the mineral resources, for the reason that the mountainous region has been difficult of access; but the possession of gold by the aborigines was the occasion of one of the earliest acts of treachery to which they were subjected by the Chinese; and a considerable amount of gold has been extracted lately, by washing, from streams near Kelung.

We have seen that the inhabitants are by no means wholly Chinese. These latter have colonized the fertile lowland on the west coast; but the eastern half is still inhabited by more or less uncivilized aborigines of Malayan and Negrito descent, whom the Chinese classify, broadly, as Pepohwan, wholly settled, Sekhwan or half-settled, and Chinhwan, who dwell, wholly untamed, amid the mountains on the east coast. This coast is little known—the land approaches being practically barred by this untamed belt; but it possesses, apparently, no practicable harbours in the cliff wall which forms its front. This deficiency of harbour accommodation has been noted as one of the defects of the island. The anchorage at both ports on the west coast is, at present, hazardous in the south-west monsoon; but it may be that energy and enterprise will find a means of improving the present imperfect accommodation. Projects of dredging at Anping, the port of Taiwan, have been for some time before the Chinese, but have never yet been put to practical test. Kelung, on the north-east, has the advantage of being free from the mud deposit which chokes the *embouchures* of the rivers on the east, and of being protected from the winds by which Tamsuy and Takow are troubled. Even

here vessels drawing over 16 feet have to take up a less sheltered position, where they are exposed to a considerable roll during the north-east monsoon; but it is at least a natural harbour, and must derive increasing importance from the development of the coal mines in its immediate proximity when the financial peculiarities which obstruct enterprise of every kind in China can be overcome.

It is worth noting, in conclusion, that the defence of Formosa against the apprehended Japanese attack was confided to the celebrated Black Flag chief, Liu Yung-fu, who made head against the French in Tongking; and it might be interesting, if space permitted, to quote certain memorials in which he exposes the folly of "pitting a mob of undisciplined and untrained men against a well-trained, well-provisioned, and well-accoutred enemy." For this reason he practically declined to go north with the raw levies at his disposal; and these same levies appear, by last accounts, to be indulging in the brigandage which seems a concomitant of Chinese indiscipline, in Formosa. R. S. GUNDY.

TIME AND TIDE AT WESTMINSTER.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 3 May.

THE time of the House seized by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who took the opportunity of doing it to state, with complete gravity—of manner—that "the two Front Benches are the creation of the non-official members," that "they are their humble servants," &c. &c., might have moved a saint to mockery. Mr. Balfour is not yet canonized, and, inspired by the fun of the occasion, he declared the whole thing "an elaborate practical joke." Certainly it is not easy for those of us who sit behind our respective front benches to take seriously an averment by them that they are our "creation." All I can say is that, had I had any hand in their creation, the set of "creatures" at present before me would have been considerably variegated from their existing description, and I know several men in whose neighbourhood I sit who would not have desired to see any creature before them at all. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain were almost as gracious to us as the leader of the House, as far as lip-service goes; but although the words of their mouths were smoother than butter, I am afraid that war was in their hearts. Mr. Balfour scoffed at the "eccentricities of private members' resolutions," and both he and Mr. Chamberlain agreed that Supply was good enough for us as a chance of airing our views. This last was probably the unkindest cut. Everybody knows that Supply is entirely in the hands of the Government, and both Unionist leaders reviled the Government for regularly postponing Supply to the dog days, when those of us who remain are few, and those few, limp with weariness and 90° in the shade, are incapable of reforming enthusiasm. For myself, I should certainly have protested against our being thus made game of in word and deed by our gleeful Front-Benchers of both sides had not the well-meaning Seton-Karr made it impossible by enriching his own remarks with a liberal quotation from certain recent unbosomings of mine in these columns; and by thus compelling me to speak vicariously, put it out of my power to make a second speech in *propria persona*.

Mr. Chamberlain's demonstration of the tendency of Governments towards Parliamentary omnipotence seemed to me unanswerable—in argument. The only way in which the mass of the House of Commons can meet it is by taking action. If they wish to escape Parliamentary extinction, they must pluck up courage, and come to an understanding with their constituencies as to whether they desire the Government to be master of the House of Commons, or the House of Commons to be master of the Government. I have no doubt what the opinion of the constituencies would be, and, fortified by this support, the House could become its own dictator, turning the Government into its Executive Committee, eligible and dismissable at its pleasure. It must come to something like that, or to the substitution of Oligarchic for Democratic government. Meantime, the Front Benches, apparently intoxicated with what was really their common victory over the House, have

been revelling in what has turned out to be one of the most undisguised exhibitions made for a long time of the nature of that party system by which they keep themselves alternately in power. Sir John Gorst was the leading hierophant of this revelation. Inspired by the blended Harcourtism, Balfourism, and Chamberlainism of the previous day, Sir John was in joyous mood, and Providence had thrown Shaw-Lefevre, full of One Man One Vote, in his way. The temptation was too strong for Sir John's Parliamentary virtue. He threw himself upon his opportunity and let himself go. The solemn reticences and heavy draperies of party ceremony were cast aside. "Don't talk to me," said he, "of your reforming zeal. I know better. If you love One Man One Vote as you say, you could not have stopped short of One Vote One Value, because they are the two ends of the stick of electoral equality. But what you want is to win the elections by One Man One Vote, and to keep your Irish majority by refusing One Vote One Value."

"None of your virtuous nonsense," continued Sir John. "I understand the wire-pulling art. I have been a wire-puller myself. I was a pre-Schnadhorst in the management of elections." At this unveiling of the Gorstian heart we all laughed, our people as well as the others, just as we did when "Labby" afterwards snapped his fingers at the Tory taunt of our having lost the sympathy of the country as a ridiculous bugbear which he had himself paraded on a hundred platforms. I could not help thinking of the smile and countersmile of the Aruspices, and felt sad for the great and trustful British people, who do not understand these interiors. For a horrible suspicion crossed my mind that perhaps the hypercandid Sir John was right, and that our Front Bench's construction of the One Man One Vote Bill, so as to increase their general and retain their Irish vote, was not without an eye to the survival of the fittest. As a matter of fact, I have not heard a proper argumentative defence from our side—and so good a Radical as Sir Charles Dilke looks as if he felt similarly—of the Government's reluctance to handle One Vote One Value. Of course, by the party code of morals, they are not bound to furnish such an answer. It is enough to say to the Front Opposition Bench, "You be quiet. We have as good a right to live and flourish as you. Were you where we are, you would do the same as, or more than, we are doing for self-preservation." For one of the curious Parliamentary peculiarities arising out of the present-day party system is that while you use the party standard of morality to do your own work by, you use the absolute standard of the moral ideal for criticizing the work of the adversary, and so rousing the judgment of public simplicity against him and in favour of you. How far this corrosive criticism applied to the One Man One Vote Bill will serve the turn of the Opposition Front Bench remains to be seen, but on the first blush of the matter there seems to be some shrewdness on the part of our people in bringing it to the front. In this matter, at least, I do not practise that habitual opposition to our leaders so erroneously, if not slanderously, ascribed to me by the Seton-Karr above-mentioned.

For instance, it adds to the number of highly-contentious measures, amidst which the Liquor Veto Bill may, in a natural enough manner, lose a leading-place. I think it is becoming increasingly evident that this Bill, if not judiciously managed, may cost our people their position. Absolute prohibition is not idolized by many on our side of matters. That teetotalers should insist on it is not surprising; it is part of the price we must pay for the moral good they unquestionably do by their zealous propaganda against intemperance. Like other things and persons, we must take them as we find them. But real teetotalers are comparatively few. I doubt if ten per cent of the population are so. Mr. Goschen was not contradicted when he stated that only one occupant of our Front Bench is a teetotaler. People who use alcohol themselves cannot, at heart, like the notion of prohibiting it absolutely to others, and as the time seems to approach when they may be called upon to do something effective in this direction, they shrink the more from giving two men the power—they never can have the abstract right—to dictate his dietetic habits to the third. In the post-haste of a general election they may have given a pledge to the teetotal section of their constituents—always a more active than numerous body

—to let them try their philanthropic experiment on the community. No doubt they will keep their pledges and affirm the principle on the second reading. But this Bill, unfortunately, demands changes in Committee, which its friends may consider fatal. Take its non-applicability to Ireland. I have no doubt Mr. T. W. Russell and the other side generally are fairly right in calling this, with the 6d. off whisky thrown in, the price our people have paid for continued Irish support in this matter—Mr. Healy's vote is not to be had for nothing. Sir W. Harcourt's reason that it is because he is waiting for Irish Home Rule to hand over the subject to it, does not impress me, because there is Sir William's own Irish Land Bill staring him out of countenance. But neither am I moved by the shrieks against political immorality raised on the Front Opposition Bench. That is merely one of the normal symptoms of their being out of office.

Judged by the present party code of morals, our Front Bench are quite justified in strengthening their position as they can. My difficulty is as to whether they are really strengthening it. Supporters pledged to Local Veto are, I suspect, pledged to it all round, and, therefore, pledged to it for Ireland, especially as Local Veto is the very consummation and perfection of Home Rule. But if, in Committee, they keep their pledges, and defeat the Government, what then? Possibly it might become wiser to forget Local Veto amidst the cares of One Man One Vote, &c. But the exactions of our party system are perhaps more curiously illustrated in what I have called "tide" in my headline. It seems the safety of the Empire rests ultimately on boilers, like the Hindoo universe on the fundamental tortoise. Your navy must be able to plough the swelling or the stormy tide better than all other navies, otherwise you are a lost people, and to do this they must have the best boilers. Now which are the best boilers, the tubular or the cylindrical, the Belleville, or which else? I am not going into that. We had an instructive boiler symposium, in which that lion-like man of Moab, Orator Allan, of Gateshead, besides informing, amused us as much as did the excellent drolleries of Sir Donald Macfarlane. Robertson, Civil Lord, defended the Admiralty with characteristic and customary ability, while conceding something in the end. But he seemed to me to promulgate, *à propos* of boilers, the most remarkable development of Front Bench rights to which party doctrine has yet attained. If I understood him, he maintained that Ex-Admiralty Secretary Forwood had no right to use the knowledge gained by him in office to attack the Front Bench actually in power. Well, I suppose hawks must not pick out hawks' eyes, but compared to the Civil Lord's advanced rendering of this unwholesome dogma, Sir John Gorst's plain speech subsides into evasion and ambiguity. Country is nothing; Front Bench is everything? Clearly, the existing party or Front Bench system will have to be reformed somehow and soon.

R. WALLACE.

THE PROTEAN GAS.

HAVE we after all been too hasty? For three months Argon has—with one protesting voice in the press—held practically undisputed sway as an element, has had its own symbol A and two atomic weights—if not more. And now, here is doubt arising again, and the integrity and independence of the new element have gone suddenly under a shadow. The stages of the growth of the suspicion are extremely interesting to follow. It was all very well until Helium arose. The doubt began with Professor Ramsay's communication to *Nature* of March 28th concerning that latest find. The general reader will remember that he examined the gas given off from a rare mineral called Cleveite when warmed with weak sulphuric acid. The gas had been supposed to be Nitrogen, but Professor Ramsay suspected that it contained Argon as well. To test the matter, he collected some of the gas, added Oxygen to it, and passed electric sparks through the mixture thus produced. Only by such electrical encouragement can Nitrogen be induced to combine with Oxygen. The aim, then, of the experiment was to cause the Nitrogen in the gas from Cleveite to unite with the Oxygen introduced, and then to find the nature of the residue. The result was most

surprising. "The gas," Professor Ramsay said—and the reader must mark this statement well—"on sparking with Oxygen in presence of soda, lost a trace of Nitrogen probably introduced during its extraction; the residue consists of a mixture of Argon and Helium!" That is phase one; the gas obtained from Cleveite, being sparked, consists of Argon and Helium, the two new elements.

Almost simultaneously with this note came papers from Professor Ramsay and Mr. Crookes, read before the Chemical Society at its anniversary meeting. Therein Professor Ramsay repeats his assertion that the gas obtained consists of "Argon and Helium," but adds that "the spectrum of the Argon so obtained differs in some respects from atmospheric Argon." Mr. Crookes, however, who examined a sample of the gas supplied him by Professor Ramsay (presumably at a longer interval after the sparking), reports the spectrum of Helium and adds—note the relative discrepancy—"besides the Helium line, traces of the more prominent lines of Argon are seen."

Next Professor Cleve, at Upsala, godfather of Cleveite, sets a pupil to extract the gas from Cleveite and test its nature by means of the spectroscopic, without the process of sparking. And behold! he gets Helium, undeniable Helium, and no Argon at all!

Finally, Professor Norman Lockyer hurries into the field with an incomplete research. He has been getting the gas from Cleveite by the simple expedient of heating *in vacuo*—a method his meteoric researches have taught him—and he gets—we regret, a distressing intruder—Helium associated with free Hydrogen! "I have now examined several tubes," he says; "I have found no Argon lines." This is the third phase; Helium and Hydrogen, no sparking, and no Argon.

If it were not for Professor Lockyer's Hydrogen it would seem fairly plain sailing, but that complicates matters. Here is a mineral which gives off Helium and Hydrogen in London and Helium alone in Upsala. Yet though it gives off Hydrogen with its Helium when heated *in vacuo* in London, apparently no Hydrogen comes off when the mineral is treated with sulphuric acid, for Professor Ramsay could mix the gas with Oxygen and spark it without combustion or explosion. After sparking, Helium is still there, but now Argon is also present in force. Yet after you have bottled the Argon-Helium mixture, and despatched it to your friend to examine, he finds it almost entirely Helium with just a trace of Argon. It is the most astonishing riddle. We have here four trained and brilliant experimentalists. In no hands could we be safer from experimental blunders. And this protean gas, which is either Helium or Hydrogen or Argon, or all, or none of them, slips in this tantalizing way through their fingers. It is as good as a football match to an irresponsible spectator. "Is there any relation between Argon and Helium, and are we facing a new epoch in chemistry?" asks Professor Cleve. A rash journalist may perhaps hazard that we are. Either Argon is no element or something strangely like the transmutation of the elements is happening under our eyes.

There are still those who regard Argon as an allotrope of Nitrogen, a condensed regrouping of Nitrogen atoms, just as Ozone (obtained by sparking Oxygen) is an allotrope of Oxygen. Mendelejeff, for instance, supports that view, and Berthelot's compound of Argon with benzene (to judge by the abstract) seems to be essentially similar to the compound of Nitrogen and benzene. That Argon may also be isolated for air by absorbing the Nitrogen by means of heated Magnesium, Lithium, and other elements, is not fatal to this, since Ozone is also obtainable by placing a stick of Phosphorus in a bottle of air having a little water in it, when part of the Oxygen unites with the Phosphorus and Ozone is left. Yet the negative experiments of Professor Ramsay seemed conclusive enough. He sparked chemically pure Nitrogen with Oxygen and got only an explicable trace of Argon—about a tenth of what he would have got from atmospheric Nitrogen. This might conceivably have been introduced in solution in the water used in the experiment. Still—though we do not favour it—we cannot regard even this possibility of Argon being a form of Nitrogen as entirely disposed of.

But it is, we think, still permissible to hope for some-

thing much more fundamental than a mere case of allo-tropy complicated by experimental error. We have not forgotten Mr. Crookes and his Protyle, his one antecedent form of matter, from which, he supposed, all the seventy-odd elements have been successively evolved. We cannot believe, and no chemist can believe, that these elements are an *impasse*, that scientific philosophy can attain to them and no further. We all feel that they rise like an opaque screen between us and some entirely broader view of the constitution of matter. The screen is as opaque as it was fifty years ago. But it seems (it may be an undisciplined imagination), it certainly seems that after years of assault the screen stands a little less firmly, a little less permanently assured. It may be this Argon-Helium-Hydrogen-Nitrogen combination will be explained away. Yet how it can be explained away is, as the evidence stands, difficult to imagine.

THE NEW GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH the novelty of the New Gallery is now more of a tradition than an actuality, there still remains a sufficient strain of the spirit which inspired its foundation to prevent its becoming a mere chapel of ease to the Academy. It is true that, in the present exhibition, the most prominent exhibitors inscribe the mystic symbols of official recognition after their names; but they are rather those who have won Academy honours by a prolonged defiance of its traditions than sons who have received the reward of filial piety. In any case, the New Gallery could not afford to dispense with the contributions of Messrs. John Sargent, J. J. Shannon, G. F. Watts, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in whose work the chief interest of the exhibition centres. The rest of the canvases now hanging on its walls are, with two or three exceptions, mere profitless variations of commonplace themes, destitute alike of beauty and accomplishment. Even judged by its best work, this year's show is not remarkable. Mr. Watts calls his colossal figure of a woman clasping two infants to her breast "Charity," but he might have called it anything under the sun. The huge features of the woman are absolutely expressionless; those of the children are mannered out of all humanity, and seem to have been painted rather from habit than conviction. From the whole picture one receives an impression of weary uncertainty of touch, as of one who gropes in age after a half-forgotten ideal of his youth. In the portrait of the Rev. Alfred Gurney there are, however, traces of that gravity and reserve strength which once made Mr. Watts notable among English artists. Another painter who has already given the best that in him lies is Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Of the five pictures which bear his name in the New Gallery, two are portraits. So grotesque are they as likenesses, and so pitiful as paintings, that one wonders what malign spirit ever tempted this idealist into a province of art which of necessity derives its force from realism. In the other three pictures he is again in the unearthly paradise which is neither high heaven nor prosaic earth; but which he has peopled with a strange flower of womanhood and coloured with elusive harmonies of blue and green. The artistic value of these pictures is purely decorative, and to apply to them the ordinary standard of criticism is mere waste of time. The peculiarity of the brush work is as obvious as the esoteric character of the conception; and generally, in "The Sleeping Beauty," and to some extent in "The Wedding of Psyche," the beauty of composition and the subtlety of tone are not sufficient to condone the entire absence of pictorial intention. We find it difficult to criticize "The Fall of Lucifer"; it lends itself rather to ridicule than to appreciation.

Of the younger school the most considerable are Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon. The former is represented by a portrait of Miss Ada Rehan, scarcely so successful a likeness as we expect from his brush. The pallor of the flesh tones and the over-modelling of the neck prevent its erring on the side of flattery. The figure stands in profile, the head turned almost to full face, the arms extended and holding a fan, the whole pose natural—inevitable. In the painting of the white satin dress and the background of Oriental tapestry there is all that marvellous dexterity, that mastery of

la patte wherein Mr. Sargent excels his contemporaries. It is painted with *déclat* which might almost be called sonorous, with broad frank touches that are never powerful. In this portrait Mr. Sargent reveals himself more completely than in any of his recent work as a clever rather than a great artist. In the sweep of the lines and the quality of the colour a certain cold *verve* takes the place of that sentiment and ardour without which no art is really great. There is for all its accomplishment a total lack of that feeling for beauty which has dignified ere now an infinitely less ambitious art. In some of Mr. Sargent's portraits an accidental loveliness seems to grow out of some flexibility of line or purity of tone, but in this picture both seem to fall short of the magical. It is the work of an extraordinarily adroit but soulless craftsman, interesting, even admirable, but not in any degree a delight. Though at his worst Mr. Sargent towers like a great rock in a weary land of mediocrity. To left of him the ridiculous affectations of Mr. Holman Hunt, in whose hands the Preraphaelite prepossession has reached its lowest ebb of nauseating artifice, and to right of him Mr. J. C. Gotch, with his property dragon and his vapid, sawdust-stuffed children, which things are supposed to be an allegory.

On the way to an examination of Mr. Shannon's work one has to pass Mr. Alfred East's landscape "The Misty Mere," graceful but emasculate, and the Hon. John Collier's illustration of Browning's poem "The Laboratory." One wonders what the poet would have said of this picture—Browning, whose scorn of the vulgar and the blatant was so keen. Surely Mr. Collier never painted anything quite so bad as this, quite so crude, so garish, so false in tone and feeling, almost too chromo-lithographic to have been made in Germany. Absolute despair of English art lies that way, and we pass hastily on to Mr. Shannon's "Tales of the Jungle." Since he has given up painting white satin Mr. Shannon has done some excellent work. There is a distinct personal quality in this picture of a lady seated, so that one sees only the back of her hair and shoulders, reading, apparently aloud, to two eager childish figures. As a decoration the scheme is admirable, and the colour and composition alike harmonious, though, on the whole, it scarcely reaches the level of the portrait of a child, called "Kit," in the West Room. The figure is posed in the shadow of a stained-glass window which radiates around the luminous drapery. The face is suffused with vague light, and the whole effect is ethereally mysterious and charming. Mr. Shannon has rarely painted so well as this and has never painted better.

One cannot say as much for the other work signed by well-known names. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's version of "St. Simon Stylites" is a pretentious failure. There are two pictures by Sir John Millais, concerning which the best is silence. "The Empty Cage" would no doubt make an acceptable supplement to a children's magazine, but as a work of art it has no more existence than "Time the Reaper," in which the scythe, the hour-glass, and all the paraphernalia associated with this legendary old gentleman are introduced with that lack of imagination which has already won Sir John Millais his academical honours and his baronetcy. Mr. Alma Tadema's contributions belong to the same category, since he has ceased to paint the marble halls whose glories he can chronicle even better than the camera. Just beyond these mediocrities, however, one may discover a good piece of work. Needless to say, it is not the work of an Academician. The fame of Fernand Khnopff has not reached this country, though isolated examples of his art have done so. "Sous les Arbres" is almost too *voulu*, too lymphatic, to be convincing; but the "Sybil," a specimen of *gesso duro* work modelled over plaster, is in its way interesting. It is merely the draped head of a woman poised upon her hands against a dull golden disc. In the closed eyelids and the mouth, with its thin, sensitive curves, is a fatality and an infinite grace. It is she again "upon whom the ends of the world are come." Every line of this soft jade-like clay is charged with conscious emotion and informed by an eclecticism which is the very antithesis of what Fromentin calls "*bon enfant*," but which comes curiously near to a realization of the desire of some modern art.

ENGLISH CONDUCTORS AND GERMAN CAPELLMEISTERS.

ENGLAND will never produce great conductors, or great musicians of any sort, until those sources of national pride and glory, our overgrown choral societies, are suppressed by Act of Parliament or otherwise. It is a pity they cannot be dispersed under the existing Riot Act. To regard them as proofs of our being a musical people is to fall strangely into error: they prove only that we are a superbly practical people. At one time we shared with the rest of the world the conviction that two and two, always and under all circumstances, made four; but when we discovered that in chorus-singing two and two generally made five, and sometimes even six or seven, instead of staying to demonstrate, in the true German manner, that as theory was right practice must be wrong, we at once began to build up large and ever larger choral societies. The movement which continues to this day. We take a couple of hundred young men and maidens, old men and matrons, and though there may not be a genuine voice in the lot, or half a dozen who could by themselves get through the rouds in the "Hosanna" of the B minor mass, we boldly throw the whole two hundred in orderly heaps on a concert platform, call them (say) the Bach Choir, and set them to sing not only the "Hosanna" but all the B minor mass. The odd and utterly unscientific thing is, that the two hundred, singing together, do somehow get through in a fashion. It is more than a century since some such triumphant justification of our faith in practice rather than theory brought death into the English musical world and all our woe. If two hundred recruits need months of drill before they can walk upright and accurately in step, how can we hope that two hundred amateurs without that drill will ever do more than sing in step? That they cannot do more, that beauty of phrasing and refinement of expression are out of the question, has long been recognized. The national musical ideal is to sing strictly in time and avoid jogging your neighbour. Yorkshire folk can do this to perfection, and we call them the finest chorus-singers of the day; and it must be admitted that the Leeds Festival Choir does indeed sing everything it undertakes with punctuality and despatch. Sir Joseph Barnby's Royal Choral Society trots through the "Messiah" with a regularity of pulse that would do credit to the most heartless of metronomes, and the daily Press speaks of our supremacy in choral music. That supremacy is the idlest fiction: we merely do what other nations are wise enough to refrain from doing. No nation in the world gives less artistic performances of the great oratorios, and certainly no other nation would think of calling such performances anything else than brutal outrages. But we dream sweetly on in our fool's paradise, so firmly convinced of the immeasurable superiority of the dead-level style of singing over all other styles, that the Press denounces an unwanted nuance in a familiar chorus as an unwarranted and inartistic innovation. Of course not even patriotic conceit could keep us long in our paradise had not our musical instincts been stultified by a long course of singing divine phrases mechanically and inexpressively. What music we hear in England is for the most part robbed of its emotional purport and beauty—the beauty and emotion are filtered out as it passes through our gigantic choruses; and we may listen to it until doomsday without moving an inch in the direction of appreciating music rightly, which is the only musical "progress" worth thinking about. After a century of choral societies we are where we are. Our audiences have become so vulgarly philistine that at those musical debauches, our boasted provincial festivals, Richter and Sullivan—the reverent artist and the circus-tumbler—are received with equal favour. Owing to the Wagnerian influence, artistic singers are at last beginning to supersede the Santleys and Pattis of the past generation; our pianists have absorbed German musical culture, and may, many of them at least, forget all about "English traditions" and develop into fine artists. But our church organists carry on the "traditions" with such relentless vigour that a musical service is an artistic purgatory; and of all our would-be conductors, Sir A. C. Mackenzie is the only one who knows what to do with the

conductor's baton when he has picked it up. Even one conductor is a matter for fervent gratitude; for a conductor, like any other executive artist, must have an instrument to practise upon, and the only instrument we have in England, the chorus, falls to pieces immediately the conductor tries to play with expression. No flexibility of time is possible, no light and shade; the sole duty of the conductor is to keep the chorus in step; and he inevitably ends in becoming the merest drill-master, or, if you like, a middle-class edition of the man who turns the handle of the street-piano with smoothness and regularity.

As an example of how much better they do these things in Germany, take the case of Levi, the Munich conductor. He arrived in London on Monday, 22 April, and by dint of rising early and beginning to rehearse at half-past nine on Tuesday morning, showed conclusively that he may not be regarded as a genius. Men of genius never get up at seven and rehearse at half-past nine: they much prefer to go to bed at half-past nine and hold the rehearsal at seven in the evening. As if getting up early were not sufficient, Levi devoted the whole concert of 25 April to ramming deeper and deeper home into the consciousness of the audience the fact that he possesses no genius—no, not so much as would serve to give savour to an egg—though he is an interesting conductor and master of his craft. The concert, let us first say, was brilliantly exhilarating, like all those arranged by Mr. Schulz-Curtius. Success was in the air, and became almost oppressive in its intensity as the evening went along. Every seat had its occupant, and some persons were not occupants owing to want of seats. The band, we do not hesitate to affirm, was the best ever got together in London; Mr. Ellis's programme was not sillier than usual; and the floral decorations were grateful to eye and nostril and a credit to the decorator. In a word, then or never was the time for Levi to pull out the best there is in him; and we believe he pulled out his best. His best proved admirable. No one could refuse to enjoy the immense spirit, neatness, and force he put into the first number, the Huldigungs March. And while one admired and enjoyed it, one felt unmistakably, not, perhaps, Levi's actual limitations, but certainly the direction in which those limitations might speedily be found. He is no Richter or Mottl, of whom, as he plays, the marvellous may momentarily be expected: he is simply a very high type of German Capellmeister who does everything in the score, and does it with superb clearness, and never comes within a league of the marvellous. What the composer tells him to do he achieves with ease, for the orchestra is a child's toy in his hands, but what the composer leaves to be divined by the help of high personal qualities of passion and poetry he leaves alone. He aims at playing with vivid clearness all he sees, and he declines to risk failure by attempting what he does not see clearly. Hence, while his playing is always masterly, and, within its set limits, flawless, one longs at times for the glorifying touch of the qualities he lacks. Parts of the "Tannhauser" overture compelled one to hold one's breath lest the faintest noise should mar the perfect loveliness; and every bar of it was wonderfully lucid—lucid and cool, for of the hot, steaming, passion-laden atmosphere of the thing we got no hint. The Siegfried Idyll nearly surfeited one with its persistent delicate sweetness, and was the one number of the programme in which one's pleasure in the playing did not mingle with a vague hunger after finer qualities. Towards the end of the "Parsifal" prelude the far-away shimmer (if one may use the expression) of the violins above the wailing melody came off almost magically—certainly as it has never come off before; though in other parts the want of mysticism was painfully felt. And splendid though much of the Seventh Symphony was, Levi's unresponsiveness to the deep human feeling of the Allegretto made that movement barely interesting; and the Finale degenerated into a mere street row. Not once in the whole evening did Levi get the lyric quality which the born conductor, the Mottl, or Manns, or Richter, puts into his playing. A born conductor he is not. His gestures are cramped, as if he had conducted for twenty years in a sentry-box; every movement has the curious impotence and inexpressiveness that makes the Israelite in a rage the most comic and deplorable spectacle in the world; and, in consequence, he rarely gets a full, clear,

ringing chord out of the band, such as Mottl and Richter get with ease when they want it. For want of a free, "snaky" motion of his arm he had difficulty in keeping the band soft enough in the two solos which Miss Ternina sang in a manner better adapted to the stage than the concert platform. Where Mottl with one masterful gesture would have subdued his men at once, Levi had almost to implore them to be quiet. In short, Levi, with the bare endowment without which no conductor can get along, without a tithe of our own Mackenzie's musical gift, achieves what it seems improbable that Mackenzie will ever achieve. He is a *made* conductor, and the answer to the question, How was he made? tells a significant tale of the superiority of musical Germany over unmusical England. The English conductor struggles once a week for half the year to keep a ragged chorus in step, and ends in becoming a time-beater; the German Capellmeister practises daily on the opera band nearly all the year round, and becomes a Levi. So far from strict time being indispensable in the opera-house, it would not even be tolerated. The Capellmeister must learn how to make the band follow the solo singers through every minutest change of time their artistic instinct or vanity may suggest; he must be able to get a forte or pianissimo, and every gradation of tone between, at will, and to adjust the volume of tone to the particular singer whom he accompanies; and thus he acquires a command of the technique of orchestra-playing. It is in this fashion that Levi has learnt his craft, and become a great master of the orchestra, who, knowing what he wants, knows also how to get it. There is, one may say, something cynical in his conducting. He seems sceptical about magnetic power and such intangible influences. He lets his men know what he wants, and trusts to them to get it for him. He does nothing for show, like Mr. Henschel, and never, like Mottl, indulges in a gesture which is more the result of his own overflowing feeling than a hint to the band. When all goes well, he simply ceases to beat and waits until his services will be useful again. Of course he owes much to Wagner: take away all Wagner taught him and Levi would certainly not be Levi. Still less would he be Levi had there been no German opera bands for him to practise upon. If we English hope to produce English Levis we had better abandon our choral societies and try a little opera instead. English musicians will never learn to play the orchestra, not even if they hear Mottl, Levi, and Richter three hundred and sixty-five times per annum, so long as they practise conducting only upon the untrained chorus. We have commenced our "progress" at the wrong end. Only musical experts may sing in groups, varying from a hundred to a thousand strong, without injury to the best instincts of themselves and their audiences; and our conductors are no more expert conductors than the members of our choral societies are expert singers. Small associations of twenty to fifty people are not necessarily harmful, and may even be useful; but we shall never have conductors until we compass the destruction of the terrible Frankensteins which, musically, threaten to destroy us. Our choral societies are harmful, and show us to be almost hopelessly unmusical.

AT THE THEATRES.

- "Vanity Fair." A Caricature. By G. W. Godfrey.
Court Theatre, 27 April, 1895.
"The Passport." By B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley.
Terry's Theatre, 25 April, 1895.
"A Human Sport." A Drama in One Act. By Austin Fryers.
Globe Theatre, 1 May, 1895.

ON the whole, I am inclined to congratulate Mr. Godfrey on Mrs. John Wood, rather than Mrs. John Wood on Mr. Godfrey, in the matter of "Vanity Fair." Mrs. John Wood is herself a character; and by providing her with some new dialogue Mr. Godfrey has given himself an air of creation; but I doubt if the other parts can be said to bear him out on this point. When I saw the piece, on the third night, Mr. Arthur Cecil was still so unequal to the mere taskwork of remembering long strings of sentences which were about as characteristic and human as the instructions on the back

of a telegram form, that he had to be spoon-fed by the prompter all the evening. Mr. Anson as Bill Feltoe, the blackmailer, had a part which was certainly memorable in the sense that he could preserve the continuity of his ideas; but it did not go beyond that. The play, as a drama, is nothing. As an entertainment "written round" Mrs. John Wood, it is a success. But it also pretends to be "Vanity Fair," a picture of society. Mr. Godfrey guards himself by calling it a caricature; but he none the less presents it as a morality, a satire, a sermon. And here he appeals to the love of the public for edification. Dickens's group of cronies at the Maypole inn, with their cry of "Go on improv' of us, Johnny," exactly typifies the playgoing public in England. When an English playgoer is not by temperament, if not by actual practice, nine-tenths a chapel-goer, he is generally ten-tenths a blackguard; and so, if you cannot produce a genuine drama, and conquer him legitimately in that way, you must either be licentious at the cost of your respectability, or else moral and idealistic. Mr. Godfrey, running short for the moment of character and drama, of course chose the respectable alternative, and resorted to idealism. He moralizes on fine lady spectators at murder trials, on matrimonial scandals in high life, on Christianity conquering Africa with the Maxim gun, and on the prevarications of the Treasury Bench. As further evidence of the corruption of society, he instances the interest taken by it in eminent explorers, in Buffalo Bill, and in foreign violinists, the inference being, as I understand it, that to invite Mr. Stanley to dine, or Herr Joachim to play a partita by Bach, is a proceeding as fraught with degenerate heartlessness as to show your "horror" of a crime by rushing down to the court to gloat over the trial, or to give a gentleman who pays your wife's bills the right to call you to account for being seen in her company. Mr. Godfrey's explanation of all this depravity is simple. It is the work of the New Woman and of the Problem Play.

You are now in a position to appreciate the scene at the beginning of the third act, where Mr. Arthur Cecil, as the gently cynical Thackerayan observer of Vanity Fair, receives, with the assistance of the prompter, the wondering questions of Miss Nancy Noel as to whether the relations between young men and young women ever really were as they are represented in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. To which I regret to say Mr. Cecil does not hesitate to reply in the affirmative, without mentioning that no change that has taken place in this century has been more obviously a change for the better than the change in the relations between men and women. "Good night, little girl," he adds with unction, after a brief reference to his guide, philosopher, and friend in the prompter's box. "Trust to the teachings of your own pure heart. God bless you!"

Mr. Godfrey must excuse me; but that sort of social philosophy is not good enough for me. It does not matter, perhaps, because I am far from attributing to the claptrap play the devastating social influence he apparently attaches to the problem play (which I am getting rather anxious to see, by the way). But I must at least declare my belief that Mr. Godfrey will never succeed as a critic of society by merely jumbling together all the splenetic commonplaces that sound effective to him, and tacking on an Adelphi moral. In order to make a stage drawing-room a microcosm of Vanity Fair, you may, I grant, mix your sets to any extent you please; but you need not therefore produce an impression that the sort of man who never reads a serious book or ventures above burlesque and farcical comedy at the theatre, has been led into his habit of not paying his bills, and of winking at his wife's relations with useful acquaintances, by "The Heavenly Twins" and Ibsen's plays. I do not say that Mr. Godfrey has produced such impressions intentionally: my quarrel with him is that he has begun to criticize life without first arranging his ideas. The result is, that it is impossible for the most credulous person to believe in Mrs. Brabazon Tegg's Grosvenor Square reception even to the extent of recognizing it as a caricature. It is not that the real thing is more respectable, or that the most extravagant bits (the scene with the sham millionaire, for instance) are the least lifelike: quite the contrary. But a drawing-room is not like Margate sands for all

that: however loose the selection of guests, there is enough logic in it to keep the music, bad though it may be, in one predominant key. It requires a very nice knowledge of what is reasonable to be safely outrageous in society of any grade; and this knowledge is as essential to the dramatist depicting society on the stage as to the diner-out who wishes to be allowed the privilege of unconventionality. In putting the drawing-room on the stage, Mr. Godfrey's master is obviously Mr. Oscar Wilde. Now Mr. Wilde has written scenes in which there is hardly a speech which could conceivably be addressed by one real person at a real at-home to another; but the deflection from common-sense is so subtle that it is evidently produced as a tuner tunes a piano: that is, he first tunes a fifth perfectly, and then flattens it a shade. If he could not tune the perfect fifth he could not produce the practicable one. This condition is imposed on the sociological humourist also. For instance, Don Quixote's irresistibly laughable address to the galley slaves, like the rest of his nonsense, is so close to the verge of good sense that thickwitted people, and even some clever ones, take the Don for a man of exceptionally sound understanding. None the less he is a hopeless lunatic, the sound understanding which he skirts so funnily being that of Cervantes. Mr. Godfrey fails to produce the same effect because he tries to say the absurd thing without precisely knowing the sensible thing, with the result that, though he makes epigrams most industriously, he never tickles the audience except by strokes of pure fun, such as Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg's "Don't disturb my maid: she's upstairs doing my hair." There are passages which are effective because they give voice to grievances or allude to abuses upon which the audience feels, or feels obliged to pretend to feel, highly indignant; but this is not art or drama: the effect would be the same if the point were made on a political platform: indeed, it would be better there. For example, in Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg's dream of her trial for bigamy, she is made to complain of the practice of eminent counsel accepting retainers in more cases than they can possibly attend to. The complaint would be more effective at an ordinary public meeting, because the trial represented on the stage is precisely the sort of one from which no counsel would dream of absenting himself. Such effect, then, as Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg's speech from the dock actually does produce is due, not to the author's knowledge of his subject, but to the extraordinary spontaneity and conviction with which Mrs. John Wood delivers herself.

There is one point on which I am unable to say whether Mr. Godfrey was satirical or sincere. When Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg's conscience is awakened, she does what most rich people do under similar circumstances: that is to say, the most mischievous thing possible. She begins to scatter hundred pound cheques in conscience-money to various charities. Whether Mr. Godfrey approves of this proceeding I do not know; but he at any rate conquered my respect by remorselessly making his woman of fashion presently reduce all the cheques to five pounds and replunge into fashionable life not a whit the better for her hard experience. This seems to indicate that Mr. Godfrey has that courage of his profession in which most of our dramatists are shamelessly wanting. For its sake he may very well be forgiven his random satire, and even—on condition that he undertakes not to do it again—the insufferable conversations of Mr. Arthur Cecil and Miss Granville.

"The Passport," at Terry's, is an amusing piece, with thirteen parts, of which no less than eight are very well acted. I was not surprised at this except in the case of Miss Gertrude Kingston, who, when I last saw her, was a clever lady with a certain virtuosity in the art of dress, and made of metal hard enough to take a fine edge, but still not then a skilled actress, though the critics had instinctively recognized her as a person to whom it was best to be civil, perhaps because she so suggested that terrible person, the lady who has walked straight from her drawing-room on to the stage. Most of that is gone now, except what was worth keeping in it. Miss Kingston's utterance and movements are acquiring a definite artistic character; and the circulation of feeling, which is more important to the stage artist than the circulation of the blood, seems to be establishing itself in

spite of the refractory nature of the conducting medium; whilst her cleverness is still conspicuous, and her dresses make me feel more keenly than ever that I have left one corner of critical journalism unconquered: to wit, the fashion article. In short, Miss Kingston confronted me in "The Passport" as a rising actress, holding my interest from her entrance to her final exit, and indeed determining the success of the play, which, without her, might have broken down badly in the second and third acts, hampered as they are with the stuff about Bob, Algy, and Violet which is neither sensible, amusing, nor credible. The main thread of the story is presented by a very powerful combination of artists: Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Maltby, Mr. Giddens, Mr. Mackay, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Cicely Richards, and Miss Fanny Coleman. Their parts are all funny; and some of them are individual and interesting, notably the exasperating but fascinating young widow with the impossible memory, and the perfectly normal respectable maid, an excellent character, played admirably by Miss Cicely Richards. Mr. Yorke Stephens is a little under-parted: after the first act, which he carries off with all the debonair grace and smartness of style which distinguish him, he takes the part a little too easily. Even a widower could not be so completely unembarrassed on his wedding-day; and however obvious it may be that the misunderstandings created by the widow can be explained away, still, whilst they last, they need the assistance of a little alarm on the part of the bridegroom. As to the play, it is not a mere farcical imbroglio in which neither the figures who work the puzzle nor the places in which they work it have any real individuality: the scenes and circumstances, both in the frontier railway station and in the London house, are fully imagined and realized. The value and, alas! the rarity of this is shown by the comparative freshness and interest of the action, and the genial indulgence with which the audience accepts the complications of the last two acts, which are, it must be confessed, anything but ingenious, not to mention the silly episode of Algy, Violet, and Bob as aforesaid.

The one act piece, "A Human Sport" (in the evolutionary sense), by Mr. Austin Fryers, produced at the Globe Theatre at a *matinée* in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund on Wednesday last, is hardly a drama at all: it is rather the exhibition of an incident which does not develop in any way. An ironmaster (I think it was an ironmaster) has some operation spoiled by a workman getting drunk at the critical moment. In order to prevent this occurring again, he resolves to take a step which, simple and obvious as it is, has not, as far as I am aware, ever been thought of before: namely, to take the man into partnership so as to increase his self-respect. With this view he invites him to tea. The drunkard recognizes in his master's wife and mother-in-law his own deserted daughter and wife. Finding that respectability will involve a reunion with his family, he pretends to get drunk again, and is promptly kicked out as incorrigible. This unconventional and rather amusing notion has been ruined by Mr. Austin Fryers' inveterate sentimentality. The "human sport," instead of behaving sportively, plunges into the stalest maudlin pathos over his long-lost daughter. If Mr. Austin Fryers will cut out the daughter, and make the sport get really drunk in order to escape from respectability and his wife, the play will do very well. Or if he will write a temptation scene round the decanter of brandy, and make the wife rush in and struggle with her husband for the glass until the contest is decided in her favour by the sound of their daughter's voice singing a hymn in the next room, the whole ending with the partnership and domestic bliss, that will be equally satisfactory. But I implore Mr. Austin Fryers not to mix his *genres*. Let us have the new ideas in the new style, or the old tricks in the old style; but the new ideas combined with the old tricks in no style at all cannot be borne. Mr. James Welch, as the sport, pulled the play through by a piece of acting impressive enough to keep the audience believing, up to the last moment, that something really interesting was imminent. If only for Mr. Welch's sake, Mr. Austin Fryers, who is by no means deficient in ability, should extirpate that daughter, and build up the part into something worthy of the actor's rare talent.

G. B. S.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—IX.

TWO SPENDTHRIFTS.

"EXTRAVAGANCE is the root of all evils" might appropriately be made the motto of a life insurance office. Unless the policyholders enjoy exceptionally long life, the net profits depend almost entirely, on the one hand, on the success of the investments and, on the other hand, on the economy of the management. Other sources of profit, such as non-participating policies, surrenders, and lapses, are comparatively of small account. Consequently, the ratio of the management expenses (including commission) to the premium income is a valuable, although not in itself a sufficient, test of the prospects which a society offers to investors. Furthermore, when it is found that, year after year, the actual expenditure exceeds considerably the sum reserved for that purpose in the actuary's valuations, it is clear that there are serious grounds for suspecting the solvency of the concern. Of course, a properly conducted office takes good care to reserve against future expenses a sum in excess of the actual expenditure, so as to leave an ample margin for contingencies, and that margin becomes an important factor in the surplus funds at the next investigation. For instance, the Scottish Widows' Fund spends 10½ per cent of its premium income, and reserves 29 per cent; the National Provident Institution and the Law Life Assurance Society spend not quite 12 per cent, and reserve over 23 per cent; the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society, which pays no commission, only spends from 6 to 7 per cent of its premium income, and reserves 12½ per cent. We shall now look into the methods of two offices of a very different class.

The Gresham Life Assurance Society was established in 1848 as a first-rate office for inferior lives; it may now be fitly described as a very inferior office for first-rate lives, although we believe that it is generously eager to accept, at ordinary rates, the proposals of publicans, marine engineers, and others from whom the best societies require an extra premium. The cause of the change may be written down in two words—"extravagant expenditure." We know that there is no other office where a microscope is so necessary to make the holder of an ordinary whole-life policy satisfied with his bonus; but we confess that we are unable to say what bonuses are paid on endowment insurances. The returns furnished to the Board of Trade are silent on the point; and, in reply to an inquiry whether such bonuses are the same as those declared on whole-life policies, the actuary laconically informs us that "the bonuses allotted to participating endowment assurances are not the same as those allotted to policies for the whole term of life." But, if the actuary does not care to tell us what has been done in the past, there are other means of estimating what is likely to be done in the future, which is, after all, more to the purpose. The following table shows the premiums received during the period covered by each of the last three valuations, and the amount divided among the policyholders on each occasion:

Three years ending	Total Premiums received.	Amount divided among policyholders.	Percentage of amount divided on premiums received.
June 1885	£ 1,643,949	£ 76,800	4.67
" 1888	1,769,905	72,800	4.12
" 1891	1,860,653	70,000	3.76

Perhaps the miserable character of these results can be most readily appreciated from the fact that the amounts divided are not even sufficient to make up the difference between the rates charged for "with-profit" and "without-profit" policies; that is to say, if all the participating policies were reduced to the "without-profit" rates, there would be a deficit instead of a surplus. It follows that a man who insures his life in the Gresham office *without* profits fares rather better than the holder of a "with-profit" policy; and therefore it is clearly not of much consequence to an investor what method of distribution of the surplus is adopted. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. He must take his premiums elsewhere.

There is, however, something more to be said, in the public interest, about this extraordinary company, which is responsible for some twenty millions sterling of life

insurances. It is not by any means clear that there is not a deficit as matters stand. For some years past the expenditure has exceeded 25 per cent of the premium income; in 1893 the proportion was 27 per cent, and last year 26½ per cent. Now, what provision has been made for this expenditure? In the valuation of 1888, only 17.3 per cent of the gross premiums was reserved for "expenses and profits"; but in 1891, notwithstanding that the actual expenditure for that year was nearly one-fourth of the premiums received, the actuary had the audacity to reduce the reserve to 15.8 per cent! The next investigation is postponed till the end of 1895; and, as the expenditure (leaving the annuity fund out of account) is largely in excess of the whole earnings of the life fund from investments, it will be interesting to see what sort of a job the new actuary makes of his first valuation. We do not know whether the gentleman at the Board of Trade whose duty it is to examine these returns ever takes the trouble to look at them. If he does, we are unable to understand by what process of reasoning he satisfies himself and his chiefs that the office is thoroughly solvent. We have always been under the impression that it was in order to prevent life insurance offices from doing just what we have shown the Gresham office to be doing that the Act of 1870 required the Board of Trade to supervise these matters. But perhaps the Government official knows better.

There is, of course, one other light in which the Gresham office may be regarded—the light (shall we say the artificial light?) of its own advertisements. From these we learn that "there is nothing desirable in life assurance which the society does not furnish cheaply, intelligibly, and profitably." This assertion reminds us of the schoolboy's description of a lobster as "a red fish which walks backwards." It contains only three errors. But the society does not stop there. The actuary, although so coy in the matter of his endowment insurances, has favoured us with a neat card entitled "scientific saving," in which it is stated that "all financial authorities agree that life assurance is better than any other form of investment." This strikes us as a sufficiently sweeping assertion; but it is but a mild preparation for the announcement on the other side of the card, which is headed, in large capitals, "4½ per cent," and which explains that "insurance companies earn an average of 4½ per cent," but says nothing as to how they spend it. We read, further, that "they are so well organized that business men entrust millions of money to them for investment," while "landowners protect their estates by means of insurance, and professional men their families." Then comes the crucial question: "Have you protected your family? Do you want a good investment? Take out a policy in a well-trying life office." The name and address of the "Gresham Life Office" modestly follow, and the syllogism is complete. Insurance in a well-trying life office is better than any other form of investment; the Gresham is a well-trying life office; therefore insurance in the Gresham is better than any other form of investment. These cards are distributed by thousands: we wonder how many people are thereby led to believe that they will receive 4½ per cent for their money by placing it in the "Gresham" coffers. We wish, however, to be clearly understood. We are not prepared to deny that the Gresham is a "well-trying" office. On the contrary, it has been tried over and over again by expert critics. Unfortunately, it has always been tried for extravagance, and it has always been found guilty. The actuary is right. A saving which consists of spending 5s. 4d. out of every sovereign "entrusted for investment" has need to be "scientific."

Some little search is required to find an office worthy to be coupled with the Gresham in point of extravagance. We have already had our say on the British Equitable Company (by the way, we hear that the newly appointed manager is seriously endeavouring to turn over a new leaf and is cutting down expenses right and left), and we shall take our other example from the Antipodes. When people risked their savings in Australian banks, they had at least the excuse that they were offered a better rate of interest than they could obtain at home. We are unable to see that any such excuse exists for those who invest in the endowment insurance policies of

the Colonial Mutual Life Assurance Society, which was established in 1873. In fact, the bonuses paid hitherto have been appreciably smaller than those obtainable from a moderately good British office, such as the Economic Life Assurance Society, which we mention because it charges about the same rates of premium. On an endowment insurance effected by a man aged thirty-five, and payable at the age of sixty, the reversionary bonus for the first fifteen premiums has been just equivalent to a simple bonus of £1 per cent per annum on the amount of the policy. This is not much to boast of in an office which has been earning upwards of 6 per cent per annum on its funds. But the fact is that the expenses of management, which in 1893 amounted to 27½ per cent of the premium income, have always exceeded the income from interest on investments. For the five years ending 1889, the total amount received in interest was £246,454, and the expenditure during the same period was £419,184! Indeed we really do not know where either this society or the Gresham society would have been by this time but for their profits on policies that have been suffered to lapse or have been surrendered by disgusted insurers.

We have no means of ascertaining what business the Colonial Mutual Society does in Great Britain; but, if it is at all proportionate to the total amount of business, it must be rapidly diminishing. Not only did the new business sink from £1,938,100 in 1890 to £1,589,747 in 1891, £1,148,940 in 1892, and £913,653 in 1893; but the total premium income, which was £316,294 in 1891, was only £308,730 in 1893, a very remarkable falling off in an office which has only just attained its majority, for the death claims are of course comparatively small. We are compelled to infer that the shrinkage since 1891 due to surrenders and lapses has been nearly equal to the new business. This is not altogether surprising under the circumstances. The directors have found it necessary to withdraw the preposterous estimates for tontine policies, by which so many people were inveigled into joining the society when it first commenced business in this country some eight or nine years ago. We have not heard, however, that any premiums paid on the faith of those estimates have been refunded—not even in the Bradford district, where, if we are not mistaken, complaints from disappointed policyholders have been very numerous. The time cannot be far distant when the bright theories in which the directors once indulged will be finally stultified by facts, and then—what will then become of the new business? Yet how different a career the society might have had, if only it had been content to follow the path of reasonable economy. As things are, we must leave it in the company of its compeer in extravagance, the Gresham. *Arcades ambo*; that is to say, spendthrifts both.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Money Market is practically unaltered, and no sign of the anticipated rise in the rate of interest is visible.

On the Stock Exchange the principal features have been the continued demand for high class securities and these severe fluctuations in the Foreign and Mining Markets. In the former, Spanish was the stock principally affected. Continental operators appeared to have taken alarm at the political situation in the Far East, combined with our action in Nicaragua. These fears, together with the Paris settlement, had a depressing effect in the early part of the week, but later, confidence was restored and a rapid rise ensued. The depression was most marked in the Mining Market, which now looks for support mainly to Continental buyers. The rebound in South Africans has been welcomed by all those interested in mining shares, who were afraid that the depression which marked the commencement of the week was the beginning of the end of the present boom.

The market for Government securities has been very firm, with a further rise in some of the Colonial Stocks. Home rails have been steady without any marked change. The American Market has continued active, with a further general rise in prices, and there are un-

mistakable signs of a gradual recovery from the past period of depression. Trade is strongly improving, and this must soon be reflected in the railway traffics; a general appreciation of prices must then follow.

The Silver Market has weakened slightly to 30½, through the fear that Russia may prevent the peace between China and Japan from being ratified. The Americans, however, who are the chief powers in this market, are not sellers, and though the attitude of Russia may cause a further fall, a rise may soon be expected.

The proprietors of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada may be congratulated upon the result of the meeting held last Tuesday, when they decided to place their interests in other hands than those of the present Board. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Girdlestone & Price may be successful in securing Sir Charles Rivers Wilson as President of the Company. The mention of this name has already had a favourable influence on the stock. He will have, indeed, a hard task before him, but there is little doubt, judging from his proved ability, that he will be able to do much towards pulling this unfortunate railway system out of its present difficulties. At all events, the proprietors will learn from him their true position, which appears not to have been sufficiently disclosed in the past.

Figures can proverbially be made to prove anything. Especially is this true of Colonial figures. There is now in London a gentleman from New Zealand—Mr. J. G. Ward, the Finance Minister of the Colony. Mr. Ward's object in visiting London is to assure us that all is for the best in the best of all possible colonies. He is a master of the art of arranging statistics which serve his purpose, and ignoring those which tell against him. He says, perfectly truly, that New Zealand has not looked to London for loans during some years, and announces that the indebtedness per head of the colony has fallen from £60 12s. 2d. in 1889 to £57 8s. 10d. in 1894. That looks as though the debt of the country had been reduced. The apparent diminution is chiefly due to the excess of births over deaths. As a matter of fact, the debt of New Zealand was increased by over £2,000,000 from 1889 to 1894. Nor does Mr. Ward tell us that during 1894 the New Zealand Government increased its obligations by some £6,000,000—roughly, £10 per head of the population. He says that taxation is decreasing. In 1880 it was £3 14s. per head; in 1894, £3 11s. 2d. Why go back to 1880? If he had taken 1889—in regard to the indebtedness per head—he would have had to confess that taxation rose from £3 8s. 4d. in that year to £3 11s. 2d. in 1894. The financial position in New Zealand may not be as bad as some of its critics contend; it is certainly not as unchallengeable as Mr. Ward would have us believe.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

JOINT STOCK BOOBY-TRAPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE MATABELE CENTRAL ESTATES COMPANY, LIMITED;
THE BULAWAYO WATERWORKS COMPANY, LIMITED.

These are two Companies promoted by Willoughby's Consolidated Company, Limited, which in its turn is an offshoot of the Chartered Company. The two prospectuses have been sent out together with the following letter:

WILLOUGHBY'S CONSOLIDATED COMPANY, LIMITED,
3 COPTHALL BUILDINGS, E.C.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—I have no hesitation in recommending to your notice the enclosed prospectuses of the Bulawayo Waterworks and Matabele Central Estates Company, as I consider both to be promising ventures, fairly capitalized, leaving a good margin for a substantial premium, as each has every prospect of commencing to pay satisfactory dividends within twelve months to eighteen months.—Yours truly, JOHN C. WILLOUGHBY.

In spite of Sir John Willoughby's unhesitating commendation, we regard these as the most preposterous schemes which have been offered to the public during

the present South African boom. The Matabeleland Central Estates Company, with its 350,000 acres of land 60 miles distant from Salisbury, 150 miles distant from Umtali, and 150 miles distant from Bulawayo, in fact 100 miles from anywhere, is in the main a sort of ranching concern. We are sorry to see that the great explorer and hunter, F. C. Selous, has written a letter to the directors which is published in the prospectus, and which can only induce those who do not read the letter carefully to embark in this venture, for Mr. Selous has not been imprudent enough to commend it as Sir John Willoughby does. Far from it. In the first part of his letter he speaks of the prevalence of cattle disease, and tells us that there is "less sickness among the cattle in Matabeleland and Mashonaland than in most other parts of South Africa . . . I believe that if a large area of country could be enclosed so that the cattle contained in that area were absolutely isolated, and did not come in contact with any diseased cattle from other parts of South Africa, that cattle ranching could be carried on with great success." Any one who reads this must acknowledge that there is a good deal of virtue in Mr. Selous' "if." Look at his words: "if a large area could be enclosed so that the cattle were absolutely isolated . . ." Mr. Selous is not even certain that the scheme is possible, and one would imagine that the Company, or at least Sir John Willoughby, before he committed himself to the statements of his letter, would have taken care that Mr. Selous' conditions had been fulfilled. But no, we are told coolly that the 350,000 acres of land "will be half fenced in," whatever that cheap and casual phrase may denote; and as only £10,000 cash have been allotted for working capital, it would be well if the directors, or Sir John Willoughby, told us before they pouch £100,000 for such a property, how far £10,000 would go towards completing the fencing of these 500 square miles of country, and what it would cost yearly to keep up such fences. Of course this half-isolated ranching scheme, with its 10,000 head of cattle, is not presented to the public as nakedly as we have set it forth; in the prospectus it is complicated with "the right to peg 500 gold claims," which statement may entice the ignorant even though it is not asserted that a single pennyworth of gold has ever been found in this tract of country, or that there is any reason to suppose that gold ever will be found there. But, after all, this Matabele Central Estates Company, with all its imperfections and "waiver" clauses, is a modest and promising concern in comparison with the second scheme which Sir John Willoughby commends to the English public.

THE BULAWAYO WATERWORKS COMPANY, LIMITED.

We confess that we find it almost impossible to take this prospectus seriously. In the pages of a novel dealing with Company promoters it would be read as an extravagant caricature. As far as possible we shall let this interesting prospectus speak for itself. "The consideration to Willoughbys Consolidated Company, Limited (who are the vendors and promoters of the Company), for the water-concession, the construction of the waterworks, including the cost of supplying the necessary plant, building reservoirs, laying the mains and providing £5000 working capital for the waterworks, together with the concession for the electric light supply, has been fixed by them at £175,000 to be satisfied in fully paid shares of the Company, of which 125,000 are now offered for subscription on behalf of the Consolidated Company." We may just note here that there seems to be no working capital provided for the electric light supply; and even if the waterworks be put in proper order, £5000 working capital on a capital of £175,000 seems to us—we cannot find the word—greedy is inadequate. Think of it. We are told in this prospectus that the population of Bulawayo is "expected to exceed 5000 before the end of the present year," and as its population this time last year was well within 500, we are inclined to think that the hope is sanguine. But let us take it that that expectation will be realized, and let us further admit that the concession to erect the electric light in a pioneer town of 5000 inhabitants is worth £25,000—it is not as a fact worth £5000, but we can afford to be generous—the inhabitants of Bulawayo intend then to

pay for their waterworks £150,000. This means that, in proportion, the water supply of London should be worth 150 millions, instead of the 30 or 40 millions that it is supposed to be worth. That Bulawayo, with its iron sheds and crowds of greedy prospectors and droves of Kaffir hangers-on, should be willing to cumber itself with fivefold as large a debt as London, in proportion to population, is indeed an engaging spectacle. We usually object to the waiver clause in a prospectus, but here we rather welcome it; it is the one unimaginative portion of this document. In all seriousness we must warn Sir John Willoughby that he does damage to his reputation when he declares that such a scheme is "fairly capitalized." The two London directors must also be warned against lending their names to such enterprises. We invite Major Wynne Finch and Mr. A. W. Jarvis to show us wherein our criticism is mistaken, or to explain how they as directors came to believe that such a Company could ever pay fair dividends.

THE CHEMISTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, LIMITED.

This is a net skilfully woven on a great scale and cunningly provided with large and small meshes in order, if possible, to catch all sorts of fish. The small investor who timidly looks for good security is cheered with preference shares that are to pay a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent per annum; the bold man who is not afraid to take a risk, is told of ordinary shares with a dividend of upwards of 16 per cent per annum, a result which, the directors point out, "is, as regards the businesses purchased, founded on actual past trading experience." It is difficult to characterize this scheme; consequently, we shall first of all describe it. The share capital is to be £200,000, made up of 100,000 £1 cumulative preference shares and £100,000 ordinary shares; both of which classes of shares are to be issued, it seems, at a premium of 1s. per share. This Company, if the public will trust it with the £210,000, proposes to buy at once forty chemists' shops, "fifteen of which are in London and its suburbs, and twenty-five are in leading provincial cities and towns in England." The net profits at present earned by these forty businesses, we are informed, is £11,905. We presume that this means annual profit, but so slovenly is the composition of the prospectus that we have to assume it. And this result is not certified to us by the certificate of any actuary, nor are we told whether it represents the net profits of last year or the average of a number of years. Such opportune reticence, and such peculiar omissions are so many danger signals. But the Company has more irons in the fire. Forty businesses are not enough for its energies; it proposes "to purchase thirty-six other establishments of a similar character, ten in London and twenty-six in leading provincial centres," provided always that these other thirty-six businesses also show net profits amounting to not less than £11,000 per annum. Consequently this precious Company will have seventy-six shops under its control, scattered all over England, and making on the present returns—to accept the figures of the prospectus—just £300 a year each. In how many cases, we wonder, does this £300 a year represent the payment for the personal qualities of the present proprietors. Surely in nine cases out of ten. If a shop makes £300 a year under a proprietor whose whole heart is in the business and you substitute a manager for the master, in at least nine cases out of ten you may expect to see your £300 of profit disappear. No, no, says this prospectus, and appeals to the example of W. H. Smith & Son; but the case is not analogous. W. H. Smith & Son have a practical monopoly. Let the railways sell stalls in the railway stations to other book and paper sellers, and W. H. Smith & Son's profits may be expected to decline with startling rapidity. And even worse arguments are put forward in the prospectus: "Additional profit," we are told, "will arise from the considerable increase in the volume of trade," and the examples of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Limited, and other stores are adduced to excite the cupidity of the foolish. But what about the management expenses in these seventy-six shops? One must be a chemist before one is allowed to sell drugs, and chemists have to be carefully educated and to pass examinations. It would be difficult, we imagine, to get a competent man for less than a couple

of hundred a year, and when £200 a year is taken out of your profit of £300, the enterprise begins to look what it is—one to be avoided by the investor as one avoids typhoid. We should not have thought it necessary to give the names of the directors had it not been that three of them are Members of Parliament, that one of them is a J.P., and that another signs himself "The Central News, London." Therefore we give the list:

Chairman: The Hon. Mark Napier, M.P., 13 Great College Street, Westminster.
G. B. Clark, Esq., M.D., M.P., St. Ermin's Mansion, S.W., and Barwell Court, Surrey.
James Colston, Esq., D.L., J.P. (Chairman of Colston & Co., Limited, Edinburgh).
W. P. Forbes, Esq., The Central News, London.
Major Evan Rowland Jones, M.P. (late United States Consul, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Cardiff), 12 Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
Frank Pownall, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, and 42 Onslow Square, S.W.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

The fifty-second Annual Report of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York to 31 December, 1894, will be found in another column.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL ON THE IRISH LAND BILL.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

THE CARLTON CLUB, LONDON, 27 April, 1895.

SIR,—I have read with interest Mr. T. W. Russell's article on the Irish Land Bill in the *Saturday Review* of the 27th inst. I quite appreciate its tone and spirit; and am glad to find that the differences between him, the representative of the most reasonable of the tenants, and the accredited representatives of the landlords, appear to be narrowing, particularly as regards Clauses 2 and 5.

There are two points, however, of practical importance upon which, with your permission, I should like to remark. I will take them in the order which he does. He refers to sub-section 3 of Clause 5, and states the proviso which he is prepared to move—viz., that "where it shall appear to the Court that, owing to the special circumstances of the case, the landlord is justly entitled to a share in such increase in the letting value, the Court shall deal with such increase in the letting value as may be just and equitable."

I do not pause to criticize the language of this proposed amendment now, and to inquire whether it will give legal effect to what its author evidently intends. But Mr. Russell goes on to say, "The point has been unduly exaggerated. It is of little or no practical importance. As Mr. Justice Bewley expressed it before the Select Committee, it is 'more academic than real.'"

With great respect for the learned Judge, it is a very real point indeed. If he had said that it was one which "was very far from being of a general application," I should have agreed with him. But I know of my own experience and knowledge, that in the very next constituency to Mr. Russell's cases where it will arise are very numerous indeed; I mean cases where a larger or smaller proportion of every farm which borders on a turf bog has been at some time or other reclaimed from the turf moss by cutting the latter away for fuel, and then levelling the ground and planting potatoes in it, in most cases at a very inconsiderable expense. The same will hold good as regards semi-mountain arable and pasture land. I am told that in one instance in a county in Munster, to deprive the landlord of his right to the inherent capacity of the soil, which was his from all time, and which the judgment in "Adams and Dunseath" certainly did not create, would be equivalent to reducing the rental by 50 per cent.

The other point is with regard to "town-parks," dealt with in section 2, sub-section 2 (a). The Bill attempts to define a town-park by a population limit. Mr. Russell

agrees with the landlords that that will not do. Not in this article, but somewhere else, I think I saw, the other day, that he proposed five (statute) acres as the limit of a town-park. Five acres would be too little. I doubt whether in most cases it would provide grazing in summer and hay for the winter for more than a single cow. And if it is to be of general application it will raise questions as to what a town-park is where none at present exist. In any case, if a limit of measurement is to be the test, or one of the tests, a reasonable time should be allowed for owners to readjust the area of their town-parks. A remedy should also be provided for the difficulty now existing, that if a tenant of a town-park happens to move his residence out of the town, the character of the holding may under the present law be thereby affected.

In conclusion, I may say that I am quite as anxious as Mr. Russell can be that an equitable arrangement of this question should be arrived at this year, and that the check to the working of the land-purchase policy, which a Bill of the kind now before Parliament is bound to cause, may be removed as soon as possible.—I am, &c.,
BELMORE.

[Lord Belmore's letter, alike in tone and spirit, is the most hopeful event of the land controversy, and I am very glad to have elicited it. So far as the "increased letting value" question is concerned, whether it be large or little, I desire to secure to the tenant that which is justly his and *no more*. The wording of my amendment may be faulty from the legal standpoint. It at least covers the equities of the case. I may add that the whole of the Land Commissioners examined before the Select Committee concurred with Mr. Justice Bewley in declaring that such cases rarely arose. As to town-parks, I admit the question to be full of practical difficulty. My limit of five acres was founded upon one of the recommendations of the Cowper Commission. But the real question here is the difference between land held for mere accommodation and convenience and land held for the purpose of making a profit by farming. I agree with Lord Belmore that the present condition of things paralyzes land purchase. But two things are necessary before Mr. Balfour's Act can have free scope. The Act itself must be amended, and the fair rent as a basis of purchase must be settled.—T. W. RUSSELL.]

THREE-CORNERED FIGHTS AND SECOND BALLOTS.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

GIBRALTAR, 20 April, 1895.

SIR,—In the "Chronicle" of your last issue you devoted a paragraph to Mr. Dalziel's motion in the House of Commons that there should be a "second ballot at Parliamentary elections in all cases where no candidate receives a majority of the votes recorded"; and you go on to say that "three-cornered fights would necessarily involve a number of such second ballots," which is, of course, perfectly true. But I think you miss the true inwardness of Mr. Dalziel's tactics in your comment. The passing of his motion does not merely show what a large number of faddists there are in the House of Commons; the motion was, it seems to me, an attempt to increase that number, an increase which could only benefit the Liberal Party. The scheme would, if carried into effect, work out somewhat as follows. Imagine a constituency in which the Conservative candidate polls at the election 2000 votes, and the Liberal candidate 1800, whilst the "Independent" candidate (as he may be called) polls only 300. The second ballot would throw the power of deciding the election entirely into the hands of the Independents. That candidate would inevitably be elected who pledged himself to advance the fads of a minority, however insignificant. There are, as it is, enough, and more than enough, or young men who dream dreams in the House of Commons; but it is appalling even to think what a competition of fads and faddists would follow upon the passing into law of so preposterous a proposal as that of Mr. Dalziel.—Yours faithfully,
ANTI-FAD.

REVIEWS.

THE FAR EAST.

"The Far East." By Henry Norman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

THIS most interesting book directly refutes the opinion so often expressed by old residents in the East, that only those who have lived long in that part of the world have any right to express an opinion upon it. The late Mr. Wingrove Cook, in his incomparable letters to the *Times* written during the war of 1860, pointed out the egregious mistakes made by residents who had spent many years in the country. He showed how deeply imbued they became with all the prejudices of the ruling classes; how the closeness of their contact caused them to lose all sense of the true perspective of events; and how prone they were to dogmatize in a narrow circle on events of world-wide interest and importance. What was true then is true now, and most certainly we have in Mr. Norman a better guide on Eastern questions than we can expect to find from old residents in the Orient.

Though Mr. Norman did not remain long in any of the countries of which he speaks, his trained power of observation and his marked faculty of going directly to the salient points of all questions have enabled him to present us with a volume which reflects with accuracy the real state of affairs in the Far East. At the present moment the main interest unquestionably centres in China, and his chapters on that country are most instructive. He deals at length with the characteristics of the people, and describes graphically the cruelty, superstition, and deceit which are universal throughout the whole empire. The corruption of the Mandarins is described in sober terms but with startling effect, and the graphic picture which he draws of the army explains fully the causes of the disasters which have lately overtaken the battalions of China. The Chinese army, he says, is "a force made up half of coolies, torn from their homes, afraid of their weapons, clamouring for their pay, driven forward by the lash, punished by the headsmen's knife, and half of uncontrollable savages, defiers of their own officers, insulters of foreigners, plunderers of peasantry, torturers of prisoners, murderers of missionaries, outragers of women, and mutilators of the dead." With such material it is not surprising that the Chinese troops melt away before the Japanese assaults like snow before the sun.

Unhappily there is at present no indication of any improvement in the social and political state of the country. In their blind ignorance and conceit the ruling classes are possessed with the idea that they alone of all the nations of the earth are in the possession of the truest wisdom, and though they are willing in times of difficulty to make use of the mechanical skill of Europeans, they are still as contemptuously hostile to foreigners as they ever were. Even in the capital, where it might be supposed that the authorities would exercise the most complete control, there are parts of the town where foreigners are habitually insulted and jeered at. Opprobrious epithets are flung in their faces, and the term "foreign devil" follows them through the streets from the mouths even of little children.

Mr. Norman has much to say about the extent and nature of the foreign commerce at the treaty ports, which he compares favourably with the corresponding state of things in the French colonies of Indo-China. His descriptions bring vividly before our eyes the very unhealthy condition of French commerce in Tongking. He quotes freely from "*Le Régime Commercial de l'Indochine française*," and the "*Rapport général sur les statistiques des douanes*" for 1892, and shows from them how deplorably both the trade and finance have been mismanaged in the colony. In four years France spent, he says, at the most moderate computation, nearly 270,000,000 francs in Tongking. How uselessly this huge sum was expended is partly explained by a speech made by M. Porteu in the debate in the Chamber of Deputies. "The French colonies," said that speaker, "taken together contain a population of 20,000,000 to 24,000,000 of inhabitants. Now let us see what they cost and what they bring in. Our French colonies cost us yearly 70,000,000 francs: 53,000,000 inscribed in the Colonial budget; 12,000,000 in the budget of the navy; and 5,000,000 in the budget of posts and telegraphs. . . .

Their total commerce is 410,000,000 francs per annum. Of that sum the share of France by sale and purchase is 170,000,000, and our importations into the colonies reach only 70,000,000. You thus spend 70,000,000 in order to dispose of 170,000,000 worth of goods."

As an illustration of the manner in which French financiers discourage trade, we may mention that the steamer in which Mr. Norman returned paid the following harbour dues at the ports at which she touched: at Newcastle she paid £4; at Nagasaki, 70 dollars; at Yokohama, 50 dollars; at Hong Kong, 4 dollars; while to get in and out of the port of Haiphong in Tongking cost her 302.40 dollars.

Mr. Norman made some interesting journeys in Korea and describes the depths of degradation to which the natives have sunk under the paralyzing influence of Chinese suzerainty and from their utter inability to help themselves. Their only hope of salvation appears to him and to others to be in the prospect which Japan is now holding out for the country, and which may confidently be expected to produce a like change as that which has of late years come over Siam, where "to the silent palm groves and virgin jungles of 1850 have succeeded to-day the forests of masts, the towering chimneys, and the humming 'godowns' of the pressing British trader. Rice mills and sawmills, docks and shipyards, stores and banks, houses and schools, alike display the energy of the Anglo-Saxon, hand-in-hand with the industry of the Mongul, forcing new life into native indolence." We have read every line of Mr. Norman's excellent work. It is full of matter, and the interest never flags for an instant. The illustrations are good, and, with the exception of one which is so truthfully horrible that Mr. Norman has had the inner margin perforated for easy excision, are all pleasing.

THE RISE OF WELLINGTON.

"The Rise of Wellington." By General Lord Roberts, V.C. With portraits and plans. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1895.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER, summing up the character of Wellington in a manner very favourable to the English warrior, wrote thus: "To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war." No one will dispute that axiom. "Victory," said Napoleon, "is to the general who makes the fewest mistakes." But faults, omissions, mistakes, there must be in a long career of arms. Neither Hannibal nor Cæsar, nor Frederick nor Napoleon, were exempt from them. They, too, were human, and it was not given to any one of them to be free from the common law of humanity.

In the little book before us there are many indications that, in the opinion of Lord Roberts, the Duke of Wellington stood as a warrior on a pedestal far higher than any that can be assigned to the illustrious soldiers whom we have mentioned. Lord Roberts has drawn him faultless. He has slurred over all his mistakes and has exaggerated all his virtues. That Wellington was a great general must be freely admitted; but Lord Roberts, writing a short sketch of the life of one who was in many respects the darling of the English people, should not have forgotten that whilst his book will be read with avidity by the untravelled, the unlearned, and the prejudiced, it will find a very cold reception at the hands of the lettered and the instructed. No one will go to it for information on disputed points, for the doubtful and disputed points are either concealed or decided without argument in favour of the hero. It would have been interesting to note how a writer who is also a great warrior would deal with situations such as that of Wellington at Talavera, and with a battle such as Fuentes d'Onoro. But Lord Roberts gives the reader no indication as to the terrible danger incurred by the English general at the former, nor as to the extraordinary concatenation of circumstances which saved him from a crushing defeat at the latter. If he had called his book simply "an unreasoning panegyric on Wellington," he would have given it a title which would have suited it far more than that which he has adopted.

It is not that we grudge one tittle of the credit due to the Duke of Wellington for his splendid achievements on the field of battle. That he was a great warrior is proved by his daring passage of the Douro at Oporto; by the

splendid quickness with which he took advantage of Marmont's mistake at Salamanca; by his march to and battle of Vittoria; by his passage of the Bidassoa; and by the manner in which he drove Soult to Toulouse. These are great feats of arms, but they are the greatest, in point of ability of conception and perfection of execution, which Wellington ever achieved. One other, Waterloo, had certainly wider-reaching results, but as a work of art it is not in the same field with those we have mentioned. The spirit in which the book is written is manifest from the fact that in summarizing the character of Wellington as a general, the author makes the astounding statement that "Wellington drove the French out of Spain with barely 40,000 British soldiers." He dismisses almost the entire Spanish nation as though they were of no account. Then, again, let us turn the eye to Talavera. Wellington had brought his army into a position essentially false. In front of him was one French army, commanded by Marshal Victor, holding a position almost impregnable; in his rear was another French army, led by Soult, Ney, and Mortier. Victor had only to remain still and Wellington was lost. But there acted in favour of Wellington the factor which was his most powerful ally throughout the Peninsular campaigns. That factor was the jealousy of the French marshals of one another. Victor, feeling that should he remain where he was Soult would get all the credit of the catastrophe which he saw impending, left the strong position he occupied to attack the allied English and Spaniards. After a battle which lasted two days he was thoroughly beaten. He then retreated, leaving to Wellington a means of escape across the mountains.

Then turn to Fuentes. In that battle the French, commanded by Masséna, were repulsed. Wellington, speaking at a later period of the events of that day, exclaimed: "If Masséna had not been blind, he would have beaten me at Fuentes." But Masséna was not blind. He had noted the position as well as Wellington. He had under his orders the massed cavalry of France, under the command of Marshal Bessières, and, at the critical moment he ordered that marshal to charge. But again the spirit of jealousy, so baneful to the French, stepped in. Bessières refused to move a single man. It was this circumstance, and not blindness, which lost Fuentes to the French. The entire story is well told in the pages of Marbot. Lord Roberts slurs over it.

Notwithstanding the strong bias evinced by the author in favour of his subject, the book is written without verve and without enthusiasm. It provokes none of that passionate fervour which is always kindled by a chapter of William Napier, by a few pages of Thiébault, of Marbot, and of Henry Houssaye. There is no life in it. It seems almost as though it had been written from an armchair. Compared to any one of the works of the authors we have mentioned, it is as a stagnant pond beside a flowing river. The comparison drawn between Wellington and Napoleon—a comparison which results in giving the first place to the conqueror of Waterloo—is ludicrous in the want of appreciation of the real character and position of the French Emperor; of the manner in which he was hampered by his generals, of his necessities as ruler of France in his later campaigns, and by other causes too numerous to dwell upon. If Lord Roberts could quote any campaign in modern history at all comparable to the marvellous campaigns of 1796-7, he would speak with more authority on the subject of the military genius he belittles. As it is, he makes it clear that he has not studied the campaigns of Napoleon from original sources. Perhaps, if he were to go through a course of Marbot, of Thiébault, and of Henry Houssaye (in which every original document is quoted), he might realize the inherent greatness of a commander who in his life had no rival.

SHAM SCIENCE.

"Progress of Science; its Origin, Course, Promoters, and Results." By J. Villin Marmery. With an Introduction by Samuel Laing. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

WE do not doubt but that in the wide scheme of the universe Mr. Samuel Laing has his place and his purpose, but his place and purpose certainly are not

the introduction to the public of a book purporting to deal with the whole range of science, past, present, and to come. It may have been only amiable simplicity on his part to confide to the publishers that, having read Mr. Marmery's book, he found it a "work of great learning and research." But it is an imposition upon the public to offer this book with or without a certificate from an amiable popularizer of science as a work of learning and research. If we mistake not, the research has involved no great labour. A type-writing clerk of ordinary intelligence might put together a similar book in a very short space of time with the aid of one of the popular encyclopædias. But we must be fair to Mr. Marmery. From whatever sources he may have derived it, the information he supplies has been passed through the medium of a mind which we take to be Mr. Marmery's own. His ingenious account of Plato is brief enough to be quoted in full. "Plato (429-347 B.C.), caring less for phenomena (matter, objects, facts) than for his own conceptions, would arrive, after deep meditation, at a certain doctrine which he deemed a universal truth or law; and, in order to prove his proposition, he would seek round him and bring forward a series of phenomena which would agree with it and apparently establish it. But as he left out of his purview many of the phenomena which would have upset his conclusions, his deductive process was necessarily defective. By itself it could at best only become a means of metaphysical inquiry, but, used conjointly with inductive reasoning, it ultimately became and remained an indispensable instrument of scientific logic." We fancy that in this account Mr. Marmery has "left out of his purview" many phenomena (matter, objects, facts).

His summary, too, of Aristotle's chain of reasoning has not been "lifted" from any source of information known to us. "Be that as it may, Aristotle's chain of reasoning was the one which we still use. And induction was and is nothing but the syllogism without a middle term. A syllogism: all sheets of salt water are seas: the Baltic is salt; therefore the Baltic is a sea. And suppressing the middle term you have an example of induction. All sheets of salt water are seas: therefore the Baltic is a sea. Another example of induction: all sheets of salt water are seas; therefore the Swiss waters are not seas. In all cases you arrive at truth, provided you have ascertained the facts." "Be this as it may," it is neither the logic of Aristotle nor of any known school, ancient or modern.

The following piece of rhetoric about gunpowder must be another of the unborrowed plumes of Mr. Marmery: "Gunpowder, the destroyer of feudalism, the instrument of freedom and political progress, and for blasting purposes in engineering work one of our most useful agents." Nor could the author have discovered in any publication of credit, unless indeed Professor Dewar himself has been writing an encyclopædia, the statement that the liquefaction of air was the beautiful discovery of Professor Dewar. The book is full of the errors of the ignorant. Aristotle's distinction between the oviparous and the viviparous animals is not accepted now. All animals form eggs. The distinction between large visible eggs and small invisible eggs, is one of degree. Innumerable gradations exist between the two, and the presence or absence of the laying of large eggs is not a distinctive character of any of the larger groups of animals. Epigenesis is not the alternative theory to spontaneous generation; Mr. Marmery must have had in his mind some vague memory of biogenesis and abiogenesis. The infundibulum is not a brain-tunnel. The lymphatics do not play the same part as the lacteals in other regions of the body. The rotifers are not animalcules of the infusorial group. Owen did not introduce the study of palæontology into England; Buckland had done a large part of his work before Owen was born. Darwin did not "prove the variability of species by natural selection, and therefore the survival of the fittest, in 1859," after devoting "forty years to the close observation and study of plants, insects, worms, birds, animals, and man." In the first place, as Darwin was born only in 1809, he would have had to have begun his work at the age of ten in order to bear out Mr. Marmery's statement. In the second place, Mr. Marmery's reference to natural selection is just such a grotesque parody as may be expected from one guilty of the vulgar error of writing

"animals" when he means "mammals." There is no Romanes-Weismann group. The late Prof. Romanes, as popularizers of biology should know abundantly, was a chief opponent of Weismann's views. The following statement about Huxley is nonsense: "With keen scientific perception, he demonstrated birds to be descended from reptiles—from the Dinosaurs, the immense gap between them being filled up by the discovery of intermediate bird-like reptiles, the linking ancestors of the birds being the Compsognathus and Archæopteryx of the Old World and the Ichthyornis and Hesperornis of the New World, the last two brought out by Prof. Marsh." We know nothing of the true genealogy of the bird, except that Compsognathus had nothing to do with it. At the present time controversy rages round Archæopteryx, and there is equal doubt about the affinities of the toothed American forms which Prof. Marsh is stated to have "brought out," as if they were a new soap, or a young lady at her first ball.

It remains to be said that the selections and omissions are on a level with the samples of ignorance we have given. Mr. Marmery himself we do not blame. He has undertaken a task requiring a range of knowledge and a lucidity of idea beyond his reach. But his publishers and his introducer are attempting to foist an ignorant and ill-written book on the public: in the case of the publishers the matter is made worse by their insertion into the copy we received, no doubt for the benefit of an idle or hurried reviewer, of a slip containing fourteen erroneous and puffing statements about the book. We were, indeed, surprised and pained to find that no banknote had been pinned behind the slip. Messrs. Chapman & Hall should take the hint.

THE NEW CORPUS.

"Corpus Poetarum Latinorum a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructorum." Edidit J. P. Postgate. Fasc. II. Londini. Sumptibus G. Bell et filiorum. MDCCCXCIV.

THE second Fasciculus of the "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum," which is making highly satisfactory (and fairly rapid) progress under the able and brilliant editorship of Mr. J. P. Postgate, of Trinity College, Cambridge, concludes the first volume of the work, being a little larger than the first Fasciculus, and comprising together with it about 600 pages. The first included Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, and Tibullus; the second, now before us, contains only Propertius and Ovid. In one respect we like the new part better than the first. We have in it no texts to be labelled "made in Germany," as is that of Ennius in Fasc. I. We do not deny that the work of Lucian Müller is of the first quality, but we think the Cambridge editor of a "Corpus Poetarum," published in London and for British use, ought to be able to dispense with Continental aid. We gladly welcome the admission of a brilliant Dublin scholar to the goodly company of Oxford and Cambridge editors, in the person of Arthur Palmer, the Professor of Latin in Trinity College, Dublin. He undertakes the "Heroides" of Ovid, and performs his task with his usual sagacity and taste. He has, further, made valuable communications to G. M. Edwards, who is responsible for the "Amores," "Ars Amatoria," "Metamorphoses," "Medicamina Faciei," "Halieutica," and "Remedia Amoris," while the "Fasti" is assigned to Gilbert Davies, the "Tristia" and "Ex Ponto" to Sidney Owen, and the "Ibis" to the dashing emendator, A. E. Housman. The names, too, of Palmer and Housman are very plentifully sprinkled through the footnotes to the elegies of Propertius, which are undertaken and well handled by the editor himself.

Professor Palmer has made more use than other editors of the Greek version of the "Heroides" made by Maximus Planudes towards the end of the thirteenth century. In some cases he vindicates its reading against the consent of the "Codices," as in vi. 47, "Quid mihi cum Minyis, quid cum Dodonide pinu?" where all the MSS., including even the palmary P or "Codex Parisinus," present *Tritonide*. He defends, however, and successfully in our judgment,

the genuineness of the letter of Sappho, though it is not in the version of Planudes, or even in the more ancient "Codices." Again, in iii. 30, he infers the reading *blanda prece* from the *σύν μελιχίους δέησιν* of the Greek version, and in iii. 44, *malis* instead of the *meis* of all the MSS. from its *τοῖς ὑπεργμείοις κακοῖς*. The other editors of Ovid also show much care and judgment, and, referring to several test passages, we find a brief but adequate statement of the diplomatic data, and nearly always a judicious selection, as it appears to us, of the reading to be given in the text. No doubt in many of the cases where we should have chosen otherwise, we might have been converted to the editor's opinion if the plan of the work had allowed him to set forth his reasons for preferring the reading adopted.

In dealing with the very corrupt text of Propertius, Mr. Postgate has a much more difficult task than the editors of Ovid. He has adopted a great many of the suggestions of Professor Housman (though these two scholars have formed different views of the relative values of the Propertian MSS.), and not a few of the happy emendations of Professor Palmer and Mr. S. G. Owen, at the same time quoting, while not accepting, a considerable number of pretty conjectures by these and other scholars. We welcome with especial pleasure the brilliant emendation on ii. 33, 12:

"Mandisti stabulis arbuta pasta tuis,"

whereby Prof. Palmer has given poetry and point (the reference is to Io transformed into a cow) to a verse which, as given by the MSS.,

"Mansisti stabulis abdita pasta tuis,"

was utterly frigid and unworthy of Propertius. It would have been a misfortune if this beautiful emendation had missed its way into the "Corpus." On the other hand, we cannot agree with Mr. Postgate in accepting the conjecture of Lipsius, *exclusi* for *exclusis*, which has the large MSS. support designated by ω, in the passage i. 16. 17:

"Et mihi non desunt turpes pendere corollæ

Semper, et *exclusis* signa iacere faces."

It is hard to see how torches lying about before the door could be a sign that a lover was excluded. On the other hand, the lovers who were admitted would toss away their torches, which, lying extinguished before the door, would be a sign to those who, coming afterwards, were excluded, that their more fortunate rivals were within. However, the general tendency of the editor is rightly to preserve the MS. reading when possible, as *fulcire* against *sulcare* and *calcare*, i. 8. 7, *neque expertos* against *neque experto*, i. 20. 14. As to the pretty verse, i. 2. 13:

"Litora nativis persuadent picta lapillis,"

we cannot see that Mr. Postgate's *resplendent* is at all better than the *præfulgent* of Baehrens, or the *collucens* of an early Italian editor. Surely if the MS. reading cannot be defended (which we doubt), the conjecture of Scaliger, *per se dent . . . lapillos*, ought to be accepted. One of the prettiest of Mr. Postgate's own emendations is on i. 20. 12, where for "Non minor Ausonii est amor Adryasin (or *et Dryasin*)," he reads

"Non minor Ausonias est amor Hydriadas."

By taking *est* from *edere* (comparing Catull. xc. 6) he greatly strengthens the expression, and the passage demands water-nymphs, not wood-nymphs. In the same poem, line 32, he reads *Enhydriasin* for *Hamadryasin*. Again, his *Lechaæa* for *Lechaëo* in iii. 21. 19 is certainly right; and more ingenious and nearly as certain is his *exili* for *ex illo* in iv. 4. 13. We think his worst suggestion is on iv. 1. 8, where Propertius, in giving us a picture of primitive Rome, says that the "Tiber came to meet our kine," which grazed upon the banks afterwards covered with buildings. The pretty verse

"Et Tiberis nostris advena bubus erat,"

appears, through a combination of bad conjecture and selections from inferior MSS., as

"Nec Tiberis rostris advena tutus erat."

We cannot see how the river could be said to be a visitor to the ships that entered it, and the verse, even if intelligible, is as blunt as the rejected one is pointed. A conjecture which alters the sentiment utterly needs to have very strong support. What would be thought of an editor of Pope who should present us with

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,

Outtops each neighbouring edifice in size?"

The change in the Propertian verse seems to us hardly less ruinous. The most striking of Professor Heu-

man's conjectures seem to us to be *miraculis* for *tu lacrimis* in iv. 1. 120, and *damnatae testes* for *damnatae noctes* in line 15 of the splendid elegy in which Cornelia sends to her husband her message from the grave, the last poem which we have from Propertius, and probably the finest specimen of elegiac verse which Latin literature has given us. Prof. Housman's services have been most conspicuous in pointing out places where a change in punctuation greatly improves the meaning, or where the train of thought demands transposition of verses.

On the whole the first volume of the "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum" is well worthy of the English school of classics, and is an immense boon both to students and to teachers. We have noticed only one error of the press, *immitantur* for *innitantur* on p. xvii. The printing throughout is excellent, the style of the Latin prefaces by the different editors is graceful, and nothing is wanting to give to the handsome volume that air of scholarship and elegance, that *pietas*, by which such a work ought to be characterized.

THE FRIEND OF SIDNEY.

"The Friend of Sir Philip Sidney: being Selections from the Works, in Verse and Prose, of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke." Made by Alexander B. Grosart. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

A SELECTION from the works of Lord Brooke seems a strange enterprise for a modern publisher to launch upon. This curious writer has been described as "a kind of marsupial in our poetical zoology." He is related to nothing and he leads to nothing; he is simply a huge oddity left on the shores of Time. In his own age he was not read, and after the lapse of two centuries he was rediscovered by Charles Lamb, who found him "all frozen and made rigid with intellect," but made him the occasion of some flashes of appreciative criticism brilliant even for Lamb. Dr. Grosart's preface errs from excess of unreasoning laudation, particularly ill placed in connection with so strange a writer as Lord Brooke, and still more from the lack of particulars with regard to his personal career, which was of enthralling interest. We would gladly resign "Alaham" and "Mustapha" to oblivion for a fuller record of the life and character of their author, who was one of the most active, intelligent, and successful of the civil adventurers of his time. Fulke Greville, born in 1554, began life as one in the passionate and sentimental trio of which Sidney and Dyer were the others. After the death of the former, Greville ceased to be a mere chivalrous troubadour, and entered with zeal into political life. He rose with great rapidity, becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1614 and a peer in 1620. In 1628, in circumstances which were obscure to his contemporaries, and which have remained so to us, he was murdered in his bedchamber by a man who committed suicide before he could be arrested. The posthumous folio of his "Works" (1633), not a rare book, has this peculiarity, that no copy has ever been discovered from which the first sheet has not been removed. It is natural to conjecture that this suppression is connected with the mystery of Lord Brooke's death.

Such, in very brief outline, was the life of the poet to whom Dr. Grosart introduces us in this anthology. It must be said that Lord Brooke's writings do not lend themselves to this species of treatment. As well might we try to make a posy of Scotch fir—all is too harsh and large and stiff. Lord Brooke, by general consent, is a powerful thinker; to thought he adds fancy and sometimes passion, but what is hopelessly lacking is expression. We may examine this volume, in which everything even tolerable is quoted, and not find from title-page to colophon a single phrase that delights and charms. No one has used the English language more laboriously, and for all his labour with less of beauty in the result. Not Robert Browning at his worst—and with Browning Lord Brooke has noticeable affinities—is so dark, crabbed, and abstruse as the poet of "Cælica" loves to be. His style reminds a reader of that of Persius, and still more of what Dryden said of the verse of that satirist: it is "scabrous and hobbling." With all this a true light of imagination glimmers out of Lord

Brooke's horn lantern, and students will turn to him for entertainment or exercise. None the less we question the advisability of publishing a selection from his writings, issued in the sort of "keepsake" form that would suit Longfellow or Tom Moore.

Fulke Greville's prose is better than his verse, though even less known. His "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" is composed in a stately, embroidered style, not without lucidity. Unlike most seventeenth-century biographers, he stoops to some of those details which delight us nowadays, and describes to us a hero's waistcoat and the deficiencies of his unbuttoned doublet. When he speaks of Sidney, Lord Brooke's voice seems to lose its metallic quality, and there is real passion and tenderness in his eulogy of his friend. The passages here quoted by Dr. Grosart are touching and eloquent. But when Lord Brooke returned to verse, his favourite element, whatever he was, he was certainly not lucid. It is difficult to find a passage short enough to give at all a just idea of the solemn darkness in which the poetry of Lord Brooke stalks on, holding its lantern of pure intellect under an inky cloak, but this stanza may suffice as an example:

"The last chief oracle of what man knows
Is Understanding; which though it contain
Some ruinous notions, which our nature shows,
Of general truths, yet have they such a stain
From our corruption, as all light they lose,
Save to convince of ignorance and sin,
Which where they reign let no perfection in."

So the poet proceeds, saying, but never singing, things striking enough and just enough, yet tedious by reason of their want of variety or flash. Lord Brooke is just saved, in his best passages, by his dignity of utterance, and by the impressive attitude of his solitary intelligence; but where he is not at his best, he is dreary to an almost unexampled degree. His didactic poems and strange Oriental tragedies belong, it may be said, to his old age, when politics had taken the place of passion. It is not quite certain that this is the fact, but if we suppose it to be, it does not account for "Cælica," which was unquestionably the song-book of his fiery youth. This is the kind of persiflage which Fulke Greville prattled in his salad days:

"When I beheld how Cælica's fair eyes
Did show her heart to some, her wit to me,
Change, that doth prove the error is not wise,
In her mishap made me strange visions see;
Desire held fast, till Love's unconstant zone,
Like Gorgon's head, transformed her heart to stone."
No, Lord Brooke is not a poet that may be read while we run. It is difficult to decide whether his harsh and strenuous verses make poetry at all, but it cannot be questioned that they are often very suggestive, or that he was capable of creating by them an impression of horror and pity. He sits, in his Jacobean obscurity, a noble, solitary figure. Some of his single lines and phrases linger in the memory. "In Pride's vain-glorious martyrdom shall burn" is very fine, and so is "The glass of Horror is not fact, but fear." These are from the tragedy of "Alaham," and "Mustapha" tells us that "Custom shuts the windows up of Fame," and that "Man's despair is but occasion past." It is for sententious maxims such as these that we search the forbidding writings of Lord Brooke.

FICTION.

"The Zeit Geist." By L. Dougall. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

INAPPROPRIATE titles threaten to become popular. "Zeit Geist" is pretty, not so vulgar as "Up to Date Booklets," or the "Fin de Siècle Series," and is calculated to appeal to serious people. The publishers have apparently selected it for an issue of new novels of the "Pseudonym" form, and this little book being the first of the series, and having some dealings with the Spirit of the Universe, has taken to itself the surname of its brethren. It is a story of almost archaic simplicity, and is largely occupied with the religious thought of Bartholomew Toyner, a reformed drunkard who occupies the position of constable in a little Canadian town. The main incidents of the story are grotesque, particularly

so are the incidents of Toyner's pursuit of Markham, the father of the girl he loves, who has murdered a man in a drunken quarrel. Markham takes refuge in a swamp, out of which rise the blackened trunks of dead trees, and upon one of these he waits the coming, by moonlight, of his daughter, who is to help him to escape from the country. Toyner, whose conscience has not been strong enough to resist the impulse of his love, comes instead of the girl to rescue Markham, who, suspecting a treacherous attempt at capture, stuns Toyner, changes clothes with him, and leaves him upon the trunk from which he has just rescued his assailant. There Toyner remains for two days in a half-insensible condition. The moonlit, misty waste of water and the interplay of primitive passion upon it are wonderfully imagined and described with very considerable power. The psychology of the several characters is subtly developed, and we found ourselves not only keenly interested in the incidents of the story but sympathizing intimately with Toyner's spiritual difficulties.

"Tales from the Western Moors." By Geoffrey Mortimer. London: Gibbons & Co. 1895.

The name of Geoffrey Mortimer is a new one to us, and we learn from a note that these tales have chiefly appeared in the *Bristol Observer*. The *Bristol Observer* is to be congratulated upon the quality of its "copy." These stories strike us as being remarkably well written. They consist chiefly of simple and not particularly novel effects, simply developed, but they have the flavour of the open country, considerable sympathy, and not a little humour. Some perhaps are a trifle crude, "The Beast," for instance, and "The Escape," and have what we take to be the marks of hasty writing. But, considered altogether, this is a very promising booklet, and we hope to see the author's name upon some more sustained, more carefully designed, and at least as well written work in the future.

"Miserrima." By G. W. T. Omond. (Autonym Library.) London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

The literature of fallen women grows apace. Mr. Omond has written with patient fidelity the career of a village girl who runs away to London with the squire's son. It is a simple and intensely real narrative, and its simplicity conceals at first the skill with which the successive phases of Bessie's degeneration are set forth. It is a very effective little story, though Mr. Omond's prose is sometimes just a trifle florid and sometimes just a trifle threadbare.

"Of a Fool and His Folly," and other Tales. By Wilfrid North and Michael Howe. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

It is hard to decide which is the most utterly feeble and chaotic of the "tales" in this collection. The first one, which gives the book its title, has perhaps some glimmering of an idea amid its sentimentality; the others cannot claim serious criticism. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," muses one of the "characters" on page 32. Artless reflections of much the same order occupy the better part of the book. There are several painstaking attempts at humour; it is pathetic to find recurring among these the unsophisticated pun of ancient days with its explanation in brackets. The whole production recalls to us happy hours spent in the school-room, during which we wrote just such inoffensive little tales. But we did not go so far as to expect readers for them.

"His Egyptian Wife." By Hilton Hill. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

This purports to be an Anglo-Egyptian romance. Neither England nor Egypt will be anxious to claim its vacuous vulgarity. The hero is a sailor, but "though a sailor," he is "innately refined." The author's ideas of our Royal Navy are a trifle vague. "He is only a lieutenant—little above a common seaman," remarks some one in the book. Besides his innate refinement, the hero has "dark blue eyes with a love light in them," and gets engaged to a young woman "plump, yet shapely." "Her nose took his fancy," and retained it through the hazy adventures with a harem, a pasha, and several odalisques, which constitute the "Egyptian"

part of the "romance." There is a conventional English dandy and a conventional American lady journalist, whose remarks are sometimes (conventionally) amusing. Occasional coarseness of a crude and indigestible kind will not, we trust, deliver this book from the painless death it deserves.

"Her Celestial Husband." By Daniel Woodroffe. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

This novel is no less than fascinating. The plot is original, the characters are fairly convincing, and there is a freshness about the book that delights. There is real pathos in the character of the girl-heroine, whose unsuspected insanity leads her to wreck her life. Her wild marriage with a Chinaman and its tragic results are weird reading, and the interior of a Chinese *ménage* is evidently drawn from the life. The isolation of the beautiful young English wife in the midst of revolting surroundings, her mad attempt to escape to her own countrymen and their cruel ostracism of her go to make a story of vivid interest. All the more is it irritating to be affronted by expressions such as "have drank" (page 2), and by punctuation the most slipshod. Commas are useful things, but they can be overworked, and Mr. Woodroffe overworks them. Still, he has written an unusually bright novel, and we shall look forward with interest to his next.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Spirit of Cookery." A Popular Treatise on the History, Science, Practice, and Ethical and Medical Import of Culinary Art. By J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Baillière, Tindall & Cox. 1895.

THE far-reaching scope of Dr. Thudichum's treatise on the art of cookery is sufficiently indicated by the title. Man being a cooking animal, from the time he first burned his fingers with fire, it follows that the literature of cookery is of very respectable antiquity. Whether roasting preceded boiling in the history of cooking is a question hard to solve, though not beyond conjecture. The Promethean fire was passed on from cook to cook orally until the happy day of the cookery book dawned. The folk-lore of cookery, by the way, is a subject that has been too long neglected. The earliest records of acquired knowledge, as Dr. Thudichum remarks, took the form of "unconnected recipes," but even when they were multiplied by the printing press, a certain incoherency and lack of system characterized culinary literature. The progress of the art and the quality of the literature attained their culminative point in the middle of the eighteenth century. Since that "special renaissance," Dr. Thudichum thinks there has been a distinct retrogression in the literature of cookery. It is time, therefore, to reduce the store of knowledge to order and system, to codify the laws and principles, to organize into general rules and a logical system the accumulated mass of detail which abounds in culinary literature. These are the aims that inspire the learned and accomplished author of "The Spirit of Cookery." His book has a genuine philosophic basis. It treats of principles and processes in clear and orderly style, and is altogether an admirable corrective of that want of system which is a signal defect of our public instruction in cookery. "Demonstrations" are very well, says Dr. Thudichum, but they are not all-sufficient. Of false teaching and common fallacies, he gives a capital illustration in denouncing the notion of the economical cookery of "scraps that cost nothing." This delusion arises, he remarks, from a benevolent desire to check what is called "the fearful waste in English kitchens," not the waste in kitchens of the wealthy, be it noted, but in the households of those who have the best reasons to avoid waste. Now, says Dr. Thudichum, there is nothing "French" and nothing "economical" in this boiling of bones. That is not the way the French go to work to *faire sourire le pot-au-feu*. They always place "a good piece of meat" in the pot, and do not pretend to make, as English writers persist in declaring, "an excellent and nutritious soup" out of bones and scraps that cost nothing. Who has not tasted that soup which suggests a descent into the Catacombs? All cookery, even the simplest, requires sound materials costing money, and "scraps," Dr. Thudichum assures the economic housekeeper, "are the very last objects on which to bestow either expense or labour," though doubtless they are "accidents to be taken care of." No doubt there yet exists something of that "experimental empiricism," through which, by a long process, the art of cookery was evolved. In practice the results of it must differ according to the ambition or the incompetency of the cook. It was wittily said of the cook of Mme. du Deffand, that there was no difference between her and the notorious poisoner Brinvilliers, save in the intention. Probably most people have suffered at the hands of this kind of cook, in spite of progress and popular lectures. The errors of cooks are perhaps not less objectionable than the errors of cookery-books, which Dr. Thudichum finds so abundant. Even the illustrious Beauvilliers

described the rib-cartilages of calves as *tendons* instead of *tendrons*, and the mistake has been perpetuated by French and English writers to this day. If learned doctors differ, no wonder is it that cooks go wrong, and if too many cooks spoil the broth, too many cookery-books, with all their errors, may mar the cook. We are grateful for Dr. Thudichum's instructive and entertaining treatise, and sincerely trust that cooks and teachers of cookery will profit by its valuable example.

"A History of the Great Western Railway." By G. A. Sekon. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.

None of the leading English railways can boast so remarkable a history as the Great Western. Had it not been for Brunel and his broad-gauge system, the history of that railway must have been precisely like the history of other English railways, and not, as it is, unique. Mr. Sekon has rightly described his attractive book as "The Story of the Broad Gauge." He has told that story exceedingly well. "It was the fate of the Great Western Railway," he writes, "or, more properly speaking, of the seven-foot gauge, to have been constructed at an inopportune time; had it been proposed a few years earlier, when railways were yet more undeveloped than they were in 1835, or even thirty or forty years later, when the evils of the narrow gauge had become generally acknowledged, the result would have been different, and we might have seen a general conversion of the narrow gauge to the more commodious broad gauge." It will be seen from this statement that Mr. Sekon is a confirmed broad-gauger. We do not think that the date of the introduction of the Brunel gauge influenced the ultimate result. Had the broad gauge originated in the north of England, and had it obtained such a hold of the colliery districts and manufacturing centres as the Great Western Railway had of the west of England in 1845, the "Battle of the Gauges" might have resulted in the victory of Brunel's system. When Mr. Sekon writes contemptuously of the narrow gauge as the "coal-waggon gauge," he indicates one of the chief reasons for the victory of that gauge. The narrow gauge was popular with railway men and the manufacturing interest because it was cheaper to construct, more easily repaired, and more readily connected with mines, collieries, and factories than the broad gauge. Had the public interest alone been consulted the broad gauge must have won. But the interest of the travelling public was the last thing thought of. The Report of the Gauge Commissioners shows the most flagrant contradictions. Its recommendations are strongly opposed to the decisions of the Commissioners as to the superiority of Brunel's line in speed, security, accommodation, and public convenience. It was "commercial convenience" that gained the fight for the 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge and the cross-sleepers system. Mr. Sekon points out that the broad gauge did not vanish after defeat, as its opponents expected. More than forty-five years elapsed before the final conversion in 1892. Mr. Sekon is sceptical as to the advantages of the change, and he will find many of his mind on this question.

"The Camden Miscellany." Vol. IX. London: Printed for the Camden Society. 1895.

The contents of the new volume of this "Miscellany" are extremely various, and comprise several documents of historical interest. Among the more important of these are the "Addenda" to the Hamilton Papers, edited by Dr. S. R. Gardiner, comprising the greater part of the letters (thirty-one in all) omitted from Dr. Gardiner's volume, "The Hamilton Papers, 1638-1648," issued by the Camden Society recently. To a great extent the original letters are in cypher, and are dated within the first six months of 1648. From the MSS. formerly in the possession of Dr. William Knowler, the editor of the Strafford correspondence published in 1739, Mr. C. H. Firth edits a series of eight "Papers relating to Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford." The last of these is a curious document, apparently drawn up by Strafford himself for the guidance of the king. It is headed, "How the king should behave when the Bill of Attainder against the Earl of Strafford is presented to him for the royal assent," and it closes with the words, "if the king will speak thus more resolutely . . . it is thought the Earl might yet be saved." Among the MSS. of interest transcribed in this volume are some additional "Visitations of churches belonging to St. Paul's Cathedral in 1249-1252," edited by Dr. Sparrow Simpson; "Memoirs of Nathaniel, Lord Crewe," edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark; and a "Journal" descriptive of a tour in France, by Major Richard Ferrier, M.P. for Yarmouth, made in the year 1687. The gallant major's account of his travels is good reading.

"Memoirs of a Cavalier." By Daniel Defoe. Edited by G. A. Aitken. With illustrations by J. B. Yeats. London: Dent & Co. 1895.

Thanks to Defoe and the booksellers, editors of Defoe are still able to discuss problems of literary method and the "true relation." Mr. Aitken devotes some pages of his preface to the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" to an old question. Is the book "history," or is it "romance"? If history, there is "the other great problem," as Mr. Aitken terms it, viz., who was the cavalier whose adventures are set forth? Evidently, from his restatement of the case, the present editor does not believe in the problems. Perhaps those who have regarded the book as genuine history were misled by the characteristic preface to the first edition.

They accepted literally the amusing and solemn assertion that the "Memoirs" corrected the errors of other historians, even the errors of Clarendon. But there are errors in the "Memoirs," as Mr. C. H. Firth has shown, which are of the kind that no Royalist officer could possibly have committed. Mr. Aitken indicates many of the inconsistencies of the narration. The suggestion made in the preface to the second edition that the cavalier was Andrew Newport, whose father became Lord Newport, is one that Defoe never could have countenanced had he been alive when it was made public. Its absurdity, as Mr. Aitken shows, is easily demonstrated. We find it hard to believe that such "problems" have any real existence for any readers of Defoe.

"English Seamen." By Robert Southey. Edited, with an introduction, by David Hannay. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

This selection of naval biographies, written by Southey for the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," is in all respects a most desirable reprint. It comprises the lives of Lord Howard of Effingham, the Earl of Cumberland, Hawkins and Drake, and Thomas Cavendish. These examples of the excellence of Southey's prose have not, we believe, previously been reprinted in separate form. Like the more elaborate biographies and historical works of the author, and like his journalistic essays and reviews, it may well be added, they are distinguished by a style whose absolute freedom from "manner" is certainly not less remarkable than its positive merits of clearness and strength. Mr. Hannay, in his interesting introduction, writes in fit terms of the virtues of Southey's prose. He points out also the strange fate that befell the naval history of which these biographies formed a portion. Like all histories of the navy above the rank of mere compilations, Southey's undertaking was left incomplete.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* contains various articles of a controversial nature and of public interest. The most important of these is an extremely skilful and effective rejoinder by Mr. Laird Clowes to the critics who have opposed his argument for retiring from the Mediterranean. Addressing himself to Colonel Sir George Clarke's remonstrances in last month's *Nineteenth Century*, as the utterance of the ablest spokesman of the party opposed to him, Mr. Laird Clowes administers some shrewd strokes and shows that Sir George has unconsciously played the Balaam, blessing where he meant to curse. He is especially happy when he proves that this main contention of his critic makes for his own argument (p. 883). Mr. T. C. Down contributes a conclusive demonstration of the futility and tyranny of prohibitive drink legislation in "An Object-Lesson in Prohibition," which records the utter collapse of the most stringent liquor law in the North-West territories of Canada. The failure of this experiment was signal. It caused the most scandalous demoralization among the white population. It was an utterly needless enactment as regards the Indians, for they were protected by a special Act of a rigorous kind some years previously. There was no fear that the "Red Man would dance by his red cedar-tree" to the pipes and barrels of unscrupulous traders. For ten years the North-West groaned under this legalized tyranny, with results that Mr. Down proves to have been exceedingly disastrous to the community. Mr. Irving's recent lecture on "The Art of Acting" is discussed by "Ouida" in a critical spirit, and with a keen sense of the evils of State theatres. "Ouida" objects strongly to the "dry-nursing of the stage by that most niggard of foster-mothers, the State." But what is meant by the statement that Milton's "Paradise Lost" "breathes the ethics of Chalfont St. Giles"? Surely "Ouida" has not discovered in Milton's epic parochial conceptions or prelatical teachings?

The *Fortnightly* opens with a vigorous paper on "The Future of Ireland," in which what is called "the Gladstonian phase of the Irish struggle" is handled in rough yet trenchant fashion. The writer declares the Newcastle programme to be a complete failure. Its adoption by the official Home Rulers was "an irreparable error," since it led to the destruction of that fundamental Gladstonian principle, "Ireland blocks the way," which was the only plea for Home Rule which British electors could understand. The prospect, therefore, promises a repetition of the old state of things before Mr. Gladstone's conversion. The Unionist victory at the next General Election will be followed by a revival of Fenianism, and a return to the old tactics of Irish obstruction. Such is the outlook for Irish politics. Dr. Warwick Bond discusses the Lyceum "King Arthur," in connection with its dramatic predecessors, especially that interesting Elizabethan example, "The Misfortunes of Arthur," by Thomas Hughes, of which an excellent analysis is given. Mr. Henry Beauchamp, editor of the *Madras Mail*, contributes a noteworthy article on the "North-West Frontier of India," in advocacy of improved lines of communication and of strategic railways. "Factory Legislation for Women," by Miss Evelyn March-Phillips, reviews the main provisions of Mr. Asquith's new Bill in a sanguine spirit and with hearty approbation. Mr. Traill deals with "Mr. Peel and his Predecessors," adopting towards the late Speaker what

4 May, 1895.

many will think a tone of very moderate enthusiasm. In a word, Mr. Traill finds that "Mr. Peel's task of governing the House of Commons was as much easier than was Sir Henry Brand's, as Mr. Morley's task of governing Ireland is easier than was Mr. Balfour's." Among other articles of interest in the new *Fortnightly* we must mention Mr. W. H. Dawson's "Prince Bismarck and the Prussian Monarchy"; a sketch of the life and writings of Sophie Kovalevsky; and Mr. W. H. Hudson's vivacious paper on that pariah among British birds, "The Common Crow."

The lighter contributions to the *Contemporary* this month strike us as on the whole more notable than the political or politico-social articles. M. Elisée Reclus is less stimulating than he is wont to be in his paper on "Russia, Mongolia, and China," and the possible Russification of Asia and the "marvellous power" of Russia in the easy assimilation of eastern races. Nor is there much of enlightenment in the note on the "European Partners in Asia." Mrs. Fawcett's sarcastic review of "The Woman Who Did" will be found entertaining, even by Mr. Grant Allen, and affords refreshing compensation for the arid and heavy lucubrations of an economic kind which do too much prevail in this *Contemporary*. After these joy-dispelling articles, the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's delightful paper, "Virgil in the Country," is like a bower of bliss; and the comparative statistics of Australia, Canada, and South Africa, marshalled by Mr. Michael Mulhall in "Our Colonial Empire," may be said to possess a positive charm and something of the romance of figures.

The *New Review* is full of brightness and lightness this month. Mr. Marriott Watson's further chapter on the adventures of Captain Ryder the Highwayman has as much vivacity as is possible with an irritating Stevensonian mannerism. Some readers may marvel, by the way, that the ground-floor window in "My Lady's Chamber" should of a sudden be transformed, as it would seem, into an upper window. This is a mere detail, of course, but it is one your seventeenth-century Defoe would have looked to. Mr. W. S. Lilly deals with the "New Divine Right" of the majority in an agreeable fashion. The "Four Cameos" of Roman Emperors of Mr. Stevens are notably clever in their appropriate changes of style. It need not be said they do not recall Miss Yonge's cameo-cutting of history. Mr. Street's paper on "The Theatre in London" is excellent reading, and a good "tract for the times" for actors and critics.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the *National*, deals with the recently published "Letters" of Coleridge, edited by Mr. Ernest Coleridge. "No one," he says, with incontestable justice, "could meet the living Coleridge without more or less loving him; and when we see the man in these unreserved confessions, we perceive with growing clearness how kindly and tender were his real springs of conduct, though his life was all broken and shattered by the master infirmity." Mr. Symons Eccles writes of "Headaches," with an admirable sympathy, yet from the physician's point of view, which is a way of writing to be highly commended. In a capital paper on the "English Public-house," Mr. Arthur Shadwell contrasts "the Hebraic wrath poured upon the publican who sells the liquor," with the "Christian forgiveness extended to the customer who buys it." Good bimetalists are provided with a little catechism by Mr. Leonard Courtney in "A Dialogue on Bimetallism." Mr. Courtney supplying the answers to the questions suggested by a political friend. Being brief, and readily to be mastered, the paper might serve the useful purpose of a primer for disciples. The fires of controversy rage so furiously in Mr. Pennell's paper on "Wood Engraving in England and America," that it is not surprising to find Mr. Pennell, in the gentle way that endears him to his opponents, confidently anticipating that "Mr. Spielmann will flare up again in another place."

Mr. Oswald Crawford's new periodical *Chapman's Magazine of Fiction*, starts with a good bill, to which Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. James Payn, and other writers of repute, contribute. Not all the fiction is completed in this number. Mr. Bret Harte's novel, "In a Hollow of the Hills," will apparently run on for some time, and Miss Violet Hunt's "story in scenes" is to be continued. But for those who would read "all at once, or not at all," and like the short story or dramatic sketch complete at a sitting, there is both abundance and variety in *Chapman's*. Altogether, the new venture is certain, we think, to prove a popular success.

Blackwood's opens with Major H. d'Arch Breton's "Thoughts on Imperial Defence," a weighty article of a retrospective nature, dealing with the lessons of the past chiefly, though by way of illustrating the needs of the day. The writer holds a discreet position between the theorists who define the navy as the first line of defence and those who regard it as the only line of defence. Mr. Preston-Thomas discusses "Our Neighbours' Vineyards," and conveys some comfort to wine-drinkers, especially those who habitually drink claret. Perhaps it is early to talk of '94's, but the praise of '93's, which was a prodigious crop, is pleasant and not unfounded. "Trades and Faces" is an interesting study of facial expression and character by Dr.

Louis Robinson, which offers certain points of controversy for the small remnant of Lavater's following.

In *Macmillan's* we note a readable article on Collingwood, suggested by the volumes of Lord Collingwood's correspondence lately published; a second instalment of "When we were Boys," as pleasant in style as the first; and a note on the "Irresponsible Novelist" by the "Indolent Reviewer," which deprecates somewhat too seriously the "usage" which novelists may and do make of their friends.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill continues in the *Atlantic Monthly* the delightful "Talk over Autographs," which we commended last month. Miss Agnes Repplier's "Christmas Shopping at Assouan" is a charming little sketch, the harbinger, we trust, of further fruits of the accomplished essayist's sojourning in Egypt. We fear that there is no chance for the realization of Mr. Sullivan's scheme for "A Standard Theatre," excepting through the enterprise of some wealthy individual who will build himself a theatre and be content with the Miltonic "fit audience, though few." It is a pretty ideal, however, and some might find it as amusing as keeping race-horses or possessing the last new thing in steam yachts.

In the *Century* Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," admirably illustrated as heretofore, is advanced well into the stirring story of the Italian campaign. Mr. William Smythe describes the "Conquest of Arid America," and shows how the desert, in Arizona and other parts of the States, may be made to blossom as the rose, by artesian wells and judicious irrigation. Mrs. Preston's third paper on the ports of the Adriatic is excellent reading, illustrated by pretty little drawings of Ragusa, Mostar, Castelnuovo, Cattaro, and other picturesque towns, by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* contains short stories by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Mr. Cyril Mullett, and Lord Lorne, besides further chapters of Mr. Rider Haggard's "Joan Haste." The Rev. A. H. Malan deals in an interesting style with Littlecote and the legend of Wild Darrell, illustrating the theme after his own photographs. Sir Evelyn Wood continues his critical observations on the action and use of "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign." Mr. Grant Allen deals with "Evolution"—that blessed word—"in Early Italian Art," and Mr. John O'Neill, in "Hands all Round," discusses the various mystical significances of hand and finger gestures in ancient rituals, &c.

Temple Bar is a very good number, with diversity of readable and bright sketches, besides further correspondence of Edward Fitzgerald with Fanny Kemble, and the conclusion of the capital article on Dr. John Byrom, to which we referred last month. In *Longman's* the most notable item is a delightful essay by the late Richard Jefferies, left unedited by the author, and named by the editor "Nature and Eternity."

We have also received *Le Monde Illustré* (Paris: Quantin), admirable in all respects; the *Cornhill*, containing, among other good matter, a characteristic sketch by "A Son of the Marshes"; the *Humanitarian*; the *Minster*; *St. Nicholas*; the *Argosy*; the *Monthly Packet*; the *Woman at Home*; and *Atalanta*.

NOTES.

FROM Mr. Stanford we have received a new "Sketch Map of the North-West Frontier of India," designed to show the routes of the military expedition to Chitral from Peshawar, by Swat and Bajour, and from Gilgit by Ghizar and Mastuj. It is drawn to a scale of ten miles to the inch, measures twenty-seven inches by thirty, and presents the country between Peshawar and the Pamirs, embracing Hunza, Nagar, Yasin, Wakhan, and Badakshan. The heights of mountains and passes, and all the features of physical conformation, with political boundaries, are indicated with excellent clearness in this valuable and most opportune map.

Among new editions we note the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's "Digest of the Criminal Law" (Macmillan & Co.), being the fifth, by Sir Herbert Stephen, Bart., and Mr. H. L. Stephen; "The Principles of Equity," by Edmund H. J. Snell, edited by Archibald Brown, M.A. (Stevens & Haynes), being the eleventh edition; "The Law of Compensation," by Eyre Lloyd, edited by W. J. Brooks, sixth edition (Stevens & Haynes); the fourth edition of Mr. Eustace Smith's "Summary of the Law and Practice in the Ecclesiastical Courts" (Stevens & Haynes); "The Local Government Act, 1894," by Alexander Macmorran, M.A., and T. R. Colquhoun Dill, B.A. (Shaw & Sons), second edition; Mr. Herbert Broughton's "Reminders for Conveyancers" (Horace Cox), second edition; and the eighth edition of Messrs. A. H. Graham and Spencer Broadhurst's "Practical Guide to the Parish Councils Act" (Ward, Lock & Bowden), revised and enlarged.

Messrs. Sweet & Maxwell forward their useful and much approved "Diary for Lawyers" for 1895, edited by Messrs. F A

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES. For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.—LAST 4 NIGHTS OF THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, a Trivial Comedy for Serious People. EVERY EVENING. Preceded at 8.30 by IN THE SEASON. Doors open 8. Commence 8.30. ON SATURDAY, May 11, will be PRODUCED, THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES, an Original Comedy, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily 10 till 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION and the East African (Somali) Village, will be opened about the middle of May. Sixty-six picturesque natives of Somaliland and Three Hundred and Fifty African Animals, Birds, and Reptiles. THE GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS. The Exhibition will open on MONDAY, MAY 6th. Admission (from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., except on the first day when it opens at 12 a.m.) 1s. Catalogues 1s. and 1s. 6d. Season Tickets, 4s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd EXHIBITION NOW OPEN on 6th. Admission 1s. ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

PALL MALL CLUB, 6A Waterloo Place, London, S.W. ESTABLISHED (1893) FOR SOCIAL PURPOSES ONLY. Town Members £3 1s. per annum. Country Members £1 1s. per annum. The "original" members list is closed. New Members are now being elected at the nominal Entrance Fee of 10s. for Town and 2s. for Country. For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the above address.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans. The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, on SATURDAY, May 11th, at half-past six o'clock. His Grace the DUKE OF FIFE, Kt.P.C., in the chair. Dinner Tickets, including wines, one guinea. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., R.A., Hon. Secretary. ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A., Treasurer. DOUGLAS GORDON, Secretary. 19 St. James' Street, S.W.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £80 and £500 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15. Apply to the Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

TREBOVIR HOUSE SCHOOL, 1 & 3 Trebovir Road, South Kensington, S.W. Advanced Classes for Girls and Elementary Classes for Children. Principal, Mrs. W. R. COLL. The Summer Term will commence Thursday, May 2nd. Prospectuses forwarded on application.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1895, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD MASTER, or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA. ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: (F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.) Fenchurch Avenue, London. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 25 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY, every week. CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA, every fortnight.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL INSURANCE

FOR THE

TITLED, PROFESSIONAL, & MERCANTILE CLASSES,

COVERING THE RISK OF

ACCIDENTS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES,

AND UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES

GRANTING AN ANNUITY AT PRACTICALLY ORDINARY PREMIUMS.

SUMS ASSURED from £500 to £4000.

WITH DISABLEMENT ALLOWANCES UP TO £12 A WEEK,

AND A

WORLD-WIDE POLICY,

GRANTED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LTD.,

40 & 44 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1871.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - - £263,720.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS. THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000. E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on "Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £35,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom, 17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

National Provident Institution.

Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

A. SMITH, ACTUARY AND SECRETARY. 593

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

(Founded 1806.)

**50, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
City Office; 14, CORNHILL, E.C.**Claims Paid on Proof of Death and Title. Intermediate Bonuses.
Endowment Assurances with Profits.
Half-Credit System Policies. Non-forfeitable Policies.
Special Advantages to the Naval and Military Professions.**DEATH DUTIES.**PROVISION MAY BE MADE BY MEANS OF LIFE INSURANCE TO MEET THESE DUTIES.
Any New or Old Policy—absolutely the property of the Assured—will be endorsed whenever desired, during lifetime, making the Claim payable to meet Estate Duty before Probate is obtained.INVESTED FUNDS ... £2,900,205
CLAIMS AND SURRENDERS PAID ... 10,020,613
BONUSES DECLARED ... 3,288,238Further Information on Application.
CHARLES STEVENS, *Actuary and Secretary.***ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1824. CAPITAL FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY:THE RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, *Chairman.*JAMES ALEXANDER, Esq. RICHARD HOARE, Esq.
CHARLES GEO. BARNETT, Esq. SIR GEORGE C. LAMPSON, Bart.
CHARLES EDWARD BARNETT, Esq. FRANCIS ALFRED LUCAS, Esq.
EDWARD H. LUSHINGTON, Esq.
RIGHT HON. LORD BATTERSEA. HUGH COLIN SMITH, Esq.
HON. K. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE. RIGHT HON. LORD STALBRIDGE.
THOMAS H. BURROUGHS, Esq. LIEUT.-COL. F. A. STEBBING.
FRANCIS W. BUXTON, Esq. SIR C. RIVERS WILSON, K.C.M.G.,
JAMES FLETCHER, Esq. C.B.**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**

Fire Insurances granted at moderate rates of premium.

LEASEHOLD AND CAPITAL REDEMPTION POLICIES
are granted, securing payment of a sum at the expiration of a fixed period.**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**Moderate rates of Premium. Large Bonuses, including Interim Bonuses.
Policies Whole World and Indisputable.**DEATH DUTIES.** Special forms of Policies have been prepared in order to enable the owners of property to make provision for the new **ESTATE DUTY.** Full particulars will be forwarded on application.Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to
ROBERT LEWIS, *Chief Secretary.***PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,**

LIMITED,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS £20,000,000.

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street,	Ground Rent £1550 per annum.
No. 61, 62 Gracechurch Street,	" " 2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" " 175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" " 92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.
Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.H. MONTAGUE BATES,
*Principal Clerk.*Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
26th March, 1895.**NOTICE.**

Lots No. 27 to 35 Monument Street (Ground Rent, £2430) have been withdrawn.

By Order,
H. MONTAGUE BATES,
*Principal Clerk to the Commissioners of Sewers.***THE HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the THROAT,**
GOLDEN SQUARE, W. (FOUNDED 1863.)

Patron—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Committee of Management earnestly ask for—

DONATIONS to pay for the necessary Extensions.
SUBSCRIPTIONS to keep up the new Children's Ward.
LEGACIES to form an Endowment Fund.

Bankers—Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., & CO.

W. HOLT, *Secretary.***Five Thousand Orphan and Outcast
Children to Feed Every Day.**

The Committee of "Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES" earnestly APPEAL for AID in support of the great family of orphan and waif children now sheltered in the institutions, to which about eight souls are added every 24 hours.

Gratefully will even the smallest donations be received by the Treasurer, Mr. William Fowler; by the Chairman of Committee, Mr. S. G. Sheppard; by the Vice-Chairman, Mr. Howard Williams; by the Founder and Director, Dr. T. J. Barnardo; or by the Bankers, L. and S. W. Bank (Bow Branch), and Prescott, Dimsdale & Co.

E. E. GILL, M.A., *Clerical Secretary.*JOHN ODLING, *General Secretary.**Offices of the Institutions—*

18-26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

St. Thomas's Hospital.**President:**

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Treasurer:

J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., J.P.

SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

To be devoted to the opening for the reception of poor patients the Wards at present closed.

Contributions (large and small) are earnestly solicited. Donors of 50 guineas are qualified for election as Governors.

Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, crossed "Union Bank of London, Charing-cross," and addressed the Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, E.C.

URGENT DISTRESS; WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.*"There is sorrow on the Sea."***THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY,***with nearly 1000 Agencies, annually relieves
10,000 persons.*

The rescued sailor, fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the widow, orphan, &c., of the drowned immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS APPEALED FOR.

Patron—THE QUEEN; Chairman of Committee, Vice-Admiral E. S. Adeane, C.M.G.; Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.

Telegrams—"Shipwrecked, London."

CITY of LONDON TRUSS SOCIETY, 35 Finsbury Sq.,
for the Relief of the Ruptured Poor throughout the Kingdom.

Established 1807.

Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

The patients (numbering now about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes, and all ages, from children a month old to adults over 95. Over 461,850 patients have been relieved since the formation of the charity up to the present date.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS will be thankfully received by the Society's Bankers, Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street; and by the Secretary at the Institution.

JOHN NORBURY, *Treasurer.*JOHN WHITTINGTON, *Secretary.*

May, 1895.

THE MASSI KESSI GOLDFIELD, SOUTH AFRICA. THE COMING RIVAL TO THE RAND.

EXPERTS' OPINIONS.

COLONEL MACHADO, the Governor of the Mozambique Company, in a recent report, especially refers to the richness of the Massi Kessi district, and hints that this portion of the territory is likely to prove the richest of all.

Mr. ALFORD, the well-known mining engineer, whose opinion carries the greatest weight wherever it is given, and who has not got the reputation of romancing, stated at a public meeting in London in the course of last year: "My opinion of the country is this: that there is not the slightest reason why another Johannesburg should not be discovered there."

Mr. PEFFAU, the French engineer, who followed Mr. Alford, and whose report came to hand only in December last, arrives at the same conclusion by expressing his opinion that time only is required to show the great richness of the region, which will one day be as flourishing as the Transvaal.

The *Citizens*, commenting on these opinions, says: "What this would mean for the companies on the spot might be more easily imagined than calculated when looking at the value of Rand enterprises of to-day, and what they represented only a few years ago."

Among the properties now worked on the field, the AFRICAN ALLUVIAL MINES will apparently be the first to give returns to the shareholders. The price of the shares has steadily improved ever since their first introduction into the market, and they are now quoted at

125-125. 6d. for the partly-paid shares.

30s-31s fully paid.

From the following cables from the Consulting Engineer of the Company (Mr. Nines), who has made a great reputation on the field, it will be seen that work has been pushed on with great vigour:

"The alluvial claims, subject to a thorough test, give a better result than we expected; diggers have been making small profits all the time, sluicing largely will have a good margin of profits; the conditions and prospects of the workings are most encouraging."

"Sluice boxes working Zambusi. Result is satisfactory."

On 30th April: "Alluvials all payable; am sure it will be a very profitable investment."

The *Financialist* of the 22nd ult. says, with reference to this cable: "The cable just received from this Company's engineer, stating 'Alluvial all payable; am sure it will be a very profitable investment,' is of very great importance, for it goes to show that the alluvial deposits over the whole of the Company's territory, an area of no less than five square miles, will give payable results. The statement of Mr. Nines that he considers them a very profitable investment should be highly gratifying to the shareholders, for that gentleman has established a reputation for forecast and caution when giving an opinion. The news was not known in the market on Saturday, and the shares were dealt in at 125. 6d. to 125. 12s. and 125. 12s. to 125. 12s. 6d. These results bear out the opinion which the experts had formed about this property."

Mr. ALFORD said: "I went through several of them hand-panning, and every handful washed carried gold;" while M. PEFFAU follows this up by stating "that these claims are very rich, and that many prospectors have assured him that nuggets as big as lentil or pea have been picked up on them." The Company hold 70 claims, acquired at about £1500 each, from which it might be easily calculated that a return of but a few hundred ounces from each claim in a working year—a mere nothing—would give the shareholders an excellent yearly profit.

Besides the alluvial claims, this Company has acquired the right to 300 DIAMONDFEROUS CLAIMS, and has obtained a protection order for them.

On this subject Mr. Nines has written:

"I made a most important and valuable discovery in finding two pieces of calcareous tufa—a sure indication of diamondiferous ground in the locality. In fact, it is the covering or outcrop of all the diamond mines yet discovered in Africa. I found similar specimens on the range of mountains south-east of the . . . river, samples of which I have with me."

The Company has informed its Shareholders that a Special Exploring Party has been equipped under Mr. Nines' supervision, to thoroughly test this diamondiferous ground. Corroboration of his (Mr. Nines') opinion should bring about a **seasonal rise** in the shares, as samples of the overlay received by the Company have been recognised by experts in London as the true stuff; this corroboration seems a matter of certainty.

Among quartz mines on the field the **TIGER** and the **LION** properties should command the immediate attention of investors, as the shares in both are still at a low figure.

Tiger (fully paid) 125. 6d.—125. 6d.
Lion 125. 6d.—125. 6d.

The following are the latest highly satisfactory reports about these properties:

TIGER.

On January 22nd I sent you plan of this property, which same is approved of and confirmed by M. Peffau. The extract about the Tiger from his official report, which you will have received by this, may be found of use, and I can confirm his statement that the Tiger property, containing as it does the contact of the Guy Fawkes Reef with the greenstone, is the most likely property for becoming the richest dividend-paying mine in this district. It is the experience of all gold miners that where a reef is found in conjunction with a dyke of greenstone, the rule has hitherto been, I may say without exception, that the reef has considerably increased in richness, and invariably proved lucrative. In the matter of working the Tiger property economically, its position is unique, as it can be worked by drives from the side of the hill, and the property contains water in abundance.

From the *Umtali Advertiser*, March 5, 1895: "The accompanying sketch plan shows the position of the Tiger property, now being floated in London, and its development will be commenced after the rains. The property consists of 12 claims 200 metres square, and is situated to the North of the Guy Fawkes Reef. This same reef traverses the Taverner property from No. 4 Claim to a large dyke of greenstone. In prospecting the property two other reefs have been found running through claims Nos. 2, 3, and 3, and good assays have been got from the outcrop. On Claim No. 7, where the Guy Fawkes Reef meets with the greenstone intrusion, at this point the reef has been thrown round to the north nearly at right angles to its original course. A drive is in contemplation to strike the reef at its point of contact with the greenstone, where it is expected to find the reef rich. The natural facilities for working the property are excellent. It has been favourably reported on by Mr. A. J. Alford, Mr. W. Nines, M. Inst. M.M., and M. Peffau, Director of Mines of the Companhia do Mozambique."

"There is little doubt in the minds of those who are acquainted with the property that the Guy Fawkes Reef is a continuation of the Penhalonga, as the strata in which it is encased and the quartz are of a precisely similar nature."

LION.

No. 1 DRIVE—Total measurement up to February 23, 254 ft. We are meeting with leaders of quartz, all of which carry free gold. The drive is now in good form for driving, and I have put on a night shift to reach the main reef as soon as possible. The leaders are no doubt connected with the main reef.

No. 2 DRIVE—I intend to cross-cut here to the reef, which cannot be a long distance from the drive. From the congenial nature of the ground the drive is penetrating, together with the water that is coming from it, there is every indication of a rich reef at this point.

The Capital of all three Companies is moderate, while ample provisions for working capital have been made.

The Investors' and Contract Agency, Limited,

1 COPTHALL COURT, THROGMORTON STREET, E.C.

Mining Share Brokers. All business done in the Stock Exchange.

Moderate Commissions. Full Information on all Mining Securities.

FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, President.

The Trustees' report to the policyholders shows a gratifying result of the work of the year 1894. In every essential particular there has been a marked and steady advance in the direction of security and permanency. The following is a condensed statement for the year ending 31st December, 1894:—

INCOME.

Received for Premiums	£7,338,049 15 0	
Received from all other sources	2,684,536 10 3	£10,022,586 5 3

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policyholders—		
For Claims by Death	£2,418,715 4 8	
Endowments, Bonuses, &c.	1,581,150 9 10	
For all other Accounts	2,010,121 15 6	£6,310,063 11 0

ASSETS.

U. S. Bonds and other Securities	£17,242,441 12 0
First Lien Loans on Bonds and Mortgages	14,648,750 14 1
Loans, and Stocks and Bonds	2,333,901 8 9
Real Estate	4,454,154 14 7
Cash in Bank and Trust Companies	1,982,587 0 14
Annual Interest, Deferred Premiums, &c.	1,358,448 13 0
	£42,020,284 3 7

Insurance and Annuities in force 31st December, 1894 £175,607,346 14 0

The Assets have increased during the year	£3,681,952
The Surplus has increased	£939,778
The Receipts from all sources have increased	£1,350,986
While the Insurance and Annuities in force have increased no less than	£10,661,815

During the year at the request of the Management the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York made a thorough and exhaustive examination of the Company's affairs.

The report shows that both titles and values of the Real Estate have been carefully examined, that the liabilities of the Company under the Policies had been valued according to the legal standard prescribed by the States, and finishes thus:—

"I further Certify that during the progress of the examination of the said Company by this Department, all the books, papers and documents and transactions of the said Company, of every description, have been open to the scrutiny of this Department, and every opportunity and assistance have been given to the examiners and experts employed in the examination by the officers and employees of the Company."

"The Superintendent, as the result of such examination, finds that the affairs of the said Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York are in a sound and prosperous condition; that its books, accounts, and records are kept with accuracy, order and fidelity, and that its management entitles it to the continued confidence of its Policyholders and the public at large."

It should be remembered that the present administration of the Company's affairs began in the year 1885, and with the close of the year just passed, the first decade of this management has been concluded. The work accomplished during this period of 10 years, fraught with such important results to the Company, can be more readily appreciated and understood from the following figures:—

INCREASES IN TEN YEARS (1884 against 1894).

	£	s.	d.
In Surplus	3,681,952	0	6
In Premium Income	4,494,054	3	7
In Total Income	6,101,576	6	3
In Assets	20,590,473	7	11
In Insurance and Annuities in force	103,356,495	4	9

It is not the amount of business written each year, but the amount which continues on the books of the Company that adds strength to, and builds up a great Institution like the MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK.

It is very gratifying to all connected with the Company, that during the last year the amount of Insurance and Annuities in force have increased upwards of 103 millions sterling, and that during the past 10 years they have increased upwards of 103 million pounds sterling. The increase by nearly £1,000,000 sterling in the surplus is also an interesting item. We cannot, and do not prophesy, and in publishing results of what the Company has accomplished during the last 10 years, we carefully point out that these illustrations are not meant to be promises for the future. Only the experience of the future can determine the Bonuses of the future. But as our illustrations are based on past experience, it is interesting to examine them from time to time, and see how nearly our anticipations have worked out. As an example of this, we turn to our ten-year distribution policies. The FIRST of these was issued in 1885, consequently the distribution period has matured this year. In the year 1891, the Company furnished its agents with illustrations calculating what these PROFITS might be expected to be. We give the following two cases of the expected profits and the real:—

No. of Policy.	Kind.	Illustrations given.	Actual Results.
263,804	10 Payment Life	£60 0 0	£64 11 6
263,095	10 Year Endowment	£42 12 0	£44 18 6

It is satisfactory to notice that the anticipated profits were exceeded, but that the excesses were only 7½ and 5½ per cent. respectively—these exemplify the care taken in framing illustrations.

Such evidence of able management, confirmed by the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, should give every confidence to the public that the same fidelity of Management will produce as satisfactory results to our Policyholders in the future, as in the past.

The profits of this Company belong exclusively to the Policyholders, and from the Consolidated Revenue Account, it will be seen that the public has entrusted to this Institution 103½ million pounds sterling. Out of this the Company has returned to the public £80,000,000. The balance, 23½ millions, has increased in the Company's hands to nearly £42,000,000 sterling.

The special investment features guaranteed in the policies of the Company, including the 3½ per cent. Life Income Life, 4 per cent. Life Option Endowment, 5 per cent. Debenture, or 6 per cent. Consol Policies will be sent on application to any of the Branch Offices, or to Head Office for the United Kingdom, 27 and 28 Cornhill, London, E.C.

D. C. HALDEMAN,

General Manager

For the United Kingdom.

HEWETSONS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF ENGLISH CARVED
OAK FURNITURE
IN THE WORLD.

HEWETSONS NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
is the best and most complete Furnishing Guide published,
and is forwarded free of charge. It contains ESTIMATES
for FURNISHING HOUSES for £150-£300-£500-
£1000, &c., each article in detail, illustrated and priced.

DECORATING.—HEWETSONS give ESTI-
MATES free of charge for PAINTING and all kinds of
Interior Decorations, Structural Alterations, Sanitary Work,
Electric Lighting, &c.

HEWETSONS have just received their new
designs and colourings of AXMINSTER, WILTON,
SAXONY, and BRUSSELS for the Season.
BRUSSELS CARPET, 2s. 9d. per yard.
WILTON CARPET, 4s. 6d. per yard.
AXMINSTER CARPET, 5s. 9d. per yard.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING BOXES com-
pletely Furnished at three days' notice for £150, £300, &c.,
and delivered, carriage paid, to any railway station in Great
Britain.

HEWETSONS claim the attention of Families
Furnishing or replacing old carpets in their town or country
houses to their large stock of English and Foreign Carpets,
all of which are good value, none being purchased from
manufacturers of inferior qualities.
All Goods exceeding £2 in value CARRIAGE PAID to any
Railway Station in Great Britain.
Estimates Free for Electric Light Installations and Fittings.

**HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.,
LONDON, W.**

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN
INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-
SELLERS,** of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD
STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. desire to call the attention of the
READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in
London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD
PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

NOW READY. Crown 8vo, cloth, with Frontispiece. Price 6s.
MARMADUKE, Emperor of Europe. Being a record
of some strange adventures in the remarkable career of a political and social reformer
who was famous at the commencement of the twentieth century. By X. Chelmsford.
EDMUND DUNNANT & CO., 90 High Street. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON,
KENT & CO., LTD.

THE BULLETIN OF NEW BOOKS

Is posted to Subscribers every Tuesday and Friday evening. It contains a list of
Books actually issued by the various Publishers.

Subscribers' names can now be received.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LIMITED.
4 Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

MR. GISSING'S NEW NOVEL.

EYE'S RANSOM.

At all Libraries and Booksellers', Crown 8vo, 6s.

"There cannot be any question of the finished workmanship, the minute
observation, the absolute truthfulness of Mr. Gissing's last novel."

Saturday Review.

"Every character in the book bears the stamp of being observed from
life. The story is one of the most attractive of Mr. Gissing's works."

Daily News.

London: LAWRENCE & BULLEN, 16 Henrietta St., Covent Garden.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

CONTENTS. MAY. PRICE 2s. 6d.

Episodes of the Month.
Some Anglo-French Problems. By JAMES W. LOWTHER, M.P.
Coleridge's Letters. By LESLIE STEPHEN.
Headaches. By A. SYMONS ECCLES, M.B.
A Dialogue on Bimetallism. By the Right Hon. LEONARD H.
COURTNEY, M.P.
The Condition of Wood-Engraving. By JOSEPH PENNELL.
Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon. By MISS BALFOUR.
The English Public House. By ARTHUR SHADWELL.
Pontresina. By the Bishop of Stepney (Canon BROWNE).
Canadian Immigrants. By ARTHUR PATERSON.
The Emperor's New Clothes! By H. O. ARNOLD FORSTER, M.P.
Finance of the Month. By OBSERVER.
Correspondence—(The Outlook of Australian Federation, by E.
WILSON).

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

United Service Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR MAY.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

England and the New Japan.	W. H. WILSON
Madagascar.	Captain PASFIELD OLIVER.
The Executive Naval Officer.	A NAVAL ACCOUNTANT.
The Functions of Navy and Army.	Captain W. H. JAMES, late R.E.
The Scourge of India.—A Rejoinder.	Surgeon-Major PERRY NARSH, A.M.S.
Our Garrison at Tientsin.	Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES.
The Passage of the Red Sea by Moses.	A Topographical Study.
	Major-General TULLOCH, C.B., C.M.G.
The "Chinese Puzzle" no Puzzle.	Colonel MAURICE, C.B.
A German Kipling.	EDITH E. CUTHELL.

London: Wm. Clowes & Sons, Ltd., 13, Charing Cross, S.W.

The New Review.

Edited by W. E. HENLEY.

"Everything is New about the *New Review* under Mr. Henley's brilliant
editorship. . . . With a vengeance, indeed, has Mr. Henley . . . shaken the
cobwebs out of that fearsome thing, the Monthly Review."—*Vanity Fair*.

CONTENTS.—MAY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE LADY'S CHAMBER	H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON
THE MANNING OF THE FLEET. II.	DAVID HARRAY
CHANTICLEER	KATHARINE TYMAN
THE NEW DIVINE RIGHT	W. S. LILLY
A POET'S CORNER	VERNON BLACKBURN
THE ART OF JUSTICE	A. CLERK
FOUR CAMEOS	G. W. STREEVER
THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR	PASFIELD OLIVER
THE THEATRE IN LONDON	G. S. STREET
THOMAS PUREN: PRISONER ORDINARY	CHARLES WHIBLEY
WILTSHIRE: EVENING	W. S. SENIOR
THE TIME MACHINE. XIII.-XV.	H. G. WELLS

London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 955. MAY 1895. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

THOUGHTS ON IMPERIAL DEFENCE. By Major H. D'ARCEY
BRETON.
TRADES AND FACES. By LOUIS ROBINSON, M.D.
THE SUTHERLAND BOOK.
A FOREIGNER. CHAPS. XXVI.-XXXI.
THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. By General SIR ARCHIBALD
ALISON, Bart., G.C.B.
A FENIAN SPY. By C. STEIN.
OUR NEIGHBOURS' VINEYARDS. By H. PRESTON-THOMAS.
MONSIEUR LE COMTE.
LINKED LIVES. By DORA CAVE.
BURMESE WOMEN. By H. FIELDING.
HIGHLAND COURTING. By the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.
MR. WORTH.
THE LOCALISING OF THE IRISH POLICE.
SANITARY INSPECTORS: A TALE FOR COUNTY COUN-
CILLORS.
MINISTERIALISTS AND UNIONISTS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

LOIMOGRAPHIA.

An Account of the Great Plague of London in the Year 1665.

By WILLIAM BOGHURST,

APOTHECARY.

Now first printed from the British Museum, Sloane MS. 349, for the Epidemiological
Society of London.

Edited by JOSEPH FRANK PAYNE, M.D.,
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

LONDON: SHAW & SONS, FETTER LANE
MDCCCXCV

4 May, 1895.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S LIST.

See the "CORNHILL MAGAZINE"

For MAY for

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW STORY
SCENES I. to III.

AND

THE BACKWATER OF LIFE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Now ready. 6d. New Series, No. 143.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE FOR MAY,

Containing—"THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL," by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. Scenes I.-III.—"THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR"—"ST. NICHOLAS IN ENGLAND"—"THE SOWERS," by HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Chaps. XIII.-XVI.—"THE BACKWATER OF LIFE," by JAMES PAYN.—"MOONLIGHT," by A SON OF THE MARSHES—AND "A FATAL RESERVATION," by R. O. PROWSE. Book V. Chaps. VI.-IX.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE POISON OF ASPS."

Now ready. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A FATAL RESERVATION.

By R. O. PROWSE,

AUTHOR OF "THE POISON OF ASPS," ETC.

Ready this day, in 2 vols., crown 8vo, with Maps, 16s.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By
E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, D.D., LL.D., President of the Brown University.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

W. H. ALLEN'S LIST.

THIRD EDITION READY 9 MAY.

In Three Volumes, with Portraits, &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS.

By Sir JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

FIRST VOLUME: Cornwallis, Malcolm, Elphinstone, Martyn, Metcalfe. With Portrait Frontispiece.

SECOND VOLUME: Burnes, Conolly, Pottinger, Todd, Lawrence, Neill, Nicholson. With Portrait Frontispiece.

By T. R. E. HOLMES, Author of "A History of the Indian Mutiny."

THIRD VOLUME: Sir Chas. Napier, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, Sir Wm. Napier, Sir Herbert Edwardes. With Map and Plans.

NEW VOLUME OF THE STATESMAN SERIES.

WELLESLEY, MARQUIS, K.G. By Colonel G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I., Author of "The Indian Mutiny," &c. &c. With Portrait, cloth gilt, 12s.

PREVIOUS VOLUMES—UNIFORM.

GLADSTONE.

BISMARCK.

THE WITNESS OF ART; or, a Legend of Beauty. By
WYKE BAYLISS. President of the Society of British Artists. New Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY AND ITS CAMPAIGNS IN
TURKEY IN 1877-78. By F. V. GREENE, Lieut. U.S. Army, and lately
Military Attaché to the U.S. Legation at St. Petersburg. 2 vols. Plates.
Second Edition. Royal 8vo. 32s.

London: W. H. ALLEN & CO., Ltd., 13 Waterloo Place, S.W.

NOW READY, NO. 5, MAY.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS—ILLUSTRATED TEXT:

Frontispiece: "La Cigale."
Musical Institutions at Home and Abroad: IV. The Royal Manchester College of Music. By
Sir Charles Halle, LL.D., Principal. Illustrations from Photographs.
An American Opera Tour with Madame Patti. By Lionel S. Mapleson. Illustrations from
Photographs.
Madame Patti Moody and Mr. Charles Manners. Illustrations from Photographs.
"A Musical Celebrity." By C. L. G. Illustrated by F. C. Gould.
Shakespearean Notes. Cartoon by A. Chasemore.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE

CONTENTS—MUSIC:

"Bistro" (song). Words by Hamilton Aldé. Music by Edith A. Dick.
"May Song." Words by Charles Hervey. Music by Arthur Hervey.
"Tack, Cloths, Away!" (song). Words by Thomas Heywood. Music by Jessie Botterill.
"One of the Queen's Naves" (song). Words by Stanhope Grey. Music by Edward St. Quentin.
"Poor Mother Goose" (children's song). Words by Jan L. Lawson. Music from "Valkyries."
"Lilies" (vocal duet). Words by Leigh Hunt. Music by A. H. Beland.
"Palm Valse." By E. Meyer-Helmund.
"Mélodie" (pianoforte solo). By Sigismund Stojowski.
"Ronde de Nuit" (pianoforte solo). By Ernest Gillet.
"On Part" march (pianoforte solo). By H. Tellam.
"Simple Aveu" (pianoforte duet). By Francis Thomé.
"Romance" (violin and piano). By O. Feiniger.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are still selling. Several reprints have been
found necessary to meet the demand.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE

PRICE SIXPENCE. POST FREE NINEPENCE

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, LONDON, W.C.

A. & C. BLACK'S LIST.

NEW BOOKS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

By the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the
Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and formerly Fellow
of Balliol College; Canon of Rochester. Demy 8vo, price 24s.

PASSAGES OF THE BIBLE chosen for their

Literary Beauty and Interest. By J. G. FRAZER, M.A., Fellow
of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of "The Golden Bough,"
"Totemism," etc. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON

QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES
SAAVEDRA. Done into English by HENRY EDWARD WATTS.
New Edition, with Notes, Original and Selected. In 4 monthly
volumes. large crown 8vo, price 6s. each.

[Volumes I., II., and III. now ready.]

LIFE OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

SAAVEDRA. By H. E. WATTS. (Uniform with above.) With
an Autogravure Frontispiece of an Interesting and Original
Portrait reproduced from an exact copy of the bust of the figure
believed to represent Cervantes in Pacheco's picture at Seville.
One vol., price 7s. 6d. [Ready July 1st.]

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY:

Founded on the recently published Journal of D. BOURGOING,
Physician to Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL
SCOTT, of Abbotsford. With Photogravure Frontispiece of the
Blair Portrait, and other 6 Illustrations. Square 8vo, price
12s. 6d. net.

TEXT-BOOK OF OPERATIVE SURGERY.

By Dr. TH. KOCHER, Professor of Surgery, and Director of the
Surgical Clinic in the University of Bern. Translated by special
permission of the Author from the Second Enlarged and Improved
German Edition by HAROLD J. STILES, M.B., C.M., Senior
Demonstrator of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh; Assistant
Surgeon, Royal Edinburgh Asylum for Sick Children. Illustrated
with 185 Cuts in Text. Demy 8vo, price 18s.

A HISTORY OF SLAVERY AND SERFDOM.

By JOHN KELLS INGRAM, LL.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity
College, Dublin; President of the Royal Irish Academy; Author
of "A History of Political Economy." Post 8vo, price 6s.

SONGS OF THE SEA AND LAYS OF THE

LAND. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, Author of "The
Breitmann Ballads." Cover specially designed by the Author.
Large crown 8vo, price 6s.

BRIEFLESS BALLADS AND LEGAL

LYRICS. Second Series. By JAMES WILLIAMS. Square crown
8vo, paper covers, price 2s.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER

SCOTT, BART. New Edition, selected and Edited, with an
Introduction and Notes by ANDREW LANG. In 2 vols., crown
8vo, price 5s. each in cloth, or 6s. each half-bound. Uniform
with the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels.

NEW NOVELS.

HAUNTED BY POSTERITY. By W. EARL
HODGSON. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

THE GRASSHOPPERS. By Mrs. ANDREW
DEAN, Author of "Isaac Eller's Money," "A Splendid Cousin,"
"Lesser's Daughter," &c. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE. By DOUGLAS
SLADEN, Author of "The Japs at Home." Crown 8vo, price 6s.

PAUL ROMER. By C. Y. HARGREAVES,
Author of "Poste Restante." Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo,
price 3s. 6d.

A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

ON MAY 7 WILL BE PUBLISHED,

PART I., price 1s. of

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1895.

To be completed in Five Parts, 1s. ; or One Volume, handsomely bound in cloth, 7s. 6d.

The public are invited to note the following facts :—

- 1.—This is the ONLY Publication devoted exclusively to the Royal Academy Exhibition.
- 2.—The Pictures are SUFFICIENTLY LARGE to give an excellent idea of the originals.
- 3.—The Reproductions this year will be superior to those in any previous issue.
- 4.—The Work will contain Reproductions of important Academy Pictures that will appear in NO OTHER PUBLICATION.
- 5.—The Work WILL NOT BE REPRINTED.

* * Orders for "ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES" should at once be registered at the Booksellers' and the Bookstalls.

The MAY NUMBER (price 1s. 4d.) of the

MAGAZINE OF ART

IS OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST, AND CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL PLATES:—

The Frontispiece is a PHOTOGRAVURE of Sir F. LEIGHTON'S "Greek Girls Playing at Ball."

The Second Plate is an Etching of Monsieur BAIL'S picture, "After the Day's Work."

And in addition to these there is a facsimile reproduction of A STUDY by Mr. F. DICKSEE, R.A., given as a separate plate.

CASELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER: a Memoir. By T.

DOUGLAS MURRAY, F.R.G.S., Executor to the late Sir Samuel Baker, and A. SILVA WHITE, Honorary F.R.S.G.S., Author of "The Development of Africa," &c. With Illustrations, Maps, and Portraits. 8vo, 21s.

TIMES.—"The appearance of a biography of Sir Samuel Baker is peculiarly opportune at a moment when public attention is turned naturally to the Valley of the Nile. The Nile from its sources to its mouth is the true subject of the Memoir, and the account which is given of Sir Samuel Baker's life carries with it, as it should do, a graphic, lucid, and valuable presentment of the questions involved in the domination of the Valley of the Nile."

ATHENÆUM.—"The authors of this Memoir have performed their task with thoroughness and ability. Not content with giving an account of the personal life and public services of their hero, they have fully gone into the surrounding circumstances which influenced and explain his actions. Whilst doing full justice to Baker, they are not mere panegyrists, and on occasion they exercise fully, though in a most considerate spirit, the privileges of critics. . . . The authors have made excellent use of numerous letters and documents not hitherto published."

SATURDAY REVIEW.—"Baker's letters are the most valuable part of a very valuable work. They embody the experience of a life, and, especially when he criticizes the Porte and prospects of reform in the Turkish provinces, are, coming as they do from a friend of the Ottoman Empire, weighty and to the point."

EVERSLEY SERIES.—NEW VOLUME.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. Two

Courses of Lectures by Sir J. R. SEELEY, K.C.M.G., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge; Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; Fellow of the Royal Historical Society; and Honorary Member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. Globe 8vo. 5s.

THE ESSENTIALS OF LOGIC. Being Ten

Lectures on Judgment and Inference. By BERNARD BOSANQUET, formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 3s. net.

LATIN POETRY. Lectures delivered in 1893

on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. V. TYRRELL, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Crown 8vo. 7s. net.

LECTURES ON PREACHING. Delivered in

the Divinity School, Cambridge, in April and May 1894. By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS.—NEW VOLUME.

SELECTIONS FROM COWPER'S LETTERS.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. T. WEBB, M.A., late Professor of English Literature, Presidency College, Calcutta. Globe 8vo. 2s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

EDWARD STANFORD'S LIST.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

THE PARTITION OF AFRICA.

By J. SCOTT KELTIE,

Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society;
Editor of "The Statesman's Year-Book."

With 24 Maps, large post 8vo, cloth, 16s.

"Those readers who concern themselves with the future development of Africa will do well to place themselves under Mr. Keltie's guidance, and study a book in which the question is recited in lucid and temperate narrative. The work is liberally furnished with Maps."—*Daily News*.

NEW ISSUE OF STANFORD'S COMPENDIUM OF GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL, REWRITTEN, AND WITH NEW ILLUSTRATIONS.

Just ready, large crown 8vo, cloth, 15s.

AFRICA: Vol. I., NORTH AFRICA. By

A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S., Author of "Asia" in same series, "Eastern Geography," &c. With 9 Maps and 77 Illustrations.

"The preparation of the book must have involved immense and original labour, for the volume in the former series by the late Keith Johnston has been entirely superseded. Mr. Keane is to be complimented on the manner in which he has discharged his task."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED ARE:—

AUSTRALASIA: Vol. I., AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. By A. R. WALLACE, LL.D., F.R.S. 15s.

"A remarkably useful work, which exemplifies in a striking degree the much higher ideal and wider range of information aimed at by modern geographers, as compared with their predecessors of thirty or forty years ago."—*Times*.

AUSTRALASIA: Vol. II., MALAYSIA AND THE PACIFIC ARCHIPELAGOES. By F. H. H. GUILLEMAUD, M.D. 15s.

"Dr. Guillemaud's volume is certainly the most interesting and accurate account extant on the tropical portion of the Eastern Archipelago."—*Nature*.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

STANFORD'S LIBRARY MAP OF AFRICA,

embodying the Results of the most Recent Explorations, and giving the Latest Alterations of Political Boundaries. Four sheets, 65 in. by 58 in.; 944 miles to an inch (1 : 5,977,382). Prices: Coloured sheets, 35s.; Mounted on rollers and varnished, 45s.; Mounted to fold in case, 60s.; Mounted on spring roller, £5.

STANFORD'S TWO-SHILLING SERIES OF TOURISTS' GUIDES.

Fcap. 8vo, limp cloth, with Maps, &c.

Bedfordshire.	English Lakes.	Surrey.
Berkshire.	Gloucestershire.	Sussex.
Cambridgeshire.	Hampshire.	Warwickshire.
Channel Islands.	Hertfordshire.	Wiltshire.
Cornwall.	Kent.	Worcestershire.
Derbyshire.	London (Round).	Wye (The).
Devon, North.	Norfolk.	Yorkshire, East
Devon, South.	Somersetshire.	and North.
Dorsetshire.	Suffolk.	Yorkshire, West.

"For the pedestrian, horseman, and bicyclist, a handy pocket guide is almost indispensable. Mr. Stanford has estimated the situation correctly, and as far as we can judge, has made most creditable provision. Nothing can be more convenient than the volumes of this little two-shilling county series; the type, though closely printed, is clear, and they are nearly as light and twice as portable as a fairly filled cigar case."—*Saturday Review*.

JENKINSON'S PRACTICAL GUIDES

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, with Maps, &c.

The English Lakes: Ninth Edition, with 8 Maps, 6s.

The Isle of Wight: Fifth Edition, with 2 Maps, 2s. 6d.

North Wales. Fourth Edition, with 2 Maps, 6s. 6d.

North Wales. Smaller Guide. Third Edition, with 3 Maps, 3s. 6d.

The Isle of Man. Third Edition, with Map, 5s.

Carlisle, Gilsland, The Roman Wall, &c. With Map, 5s.

"The special merit of these handbooks is their trustworthiness. Mr. Jenkinson has visited every place described, and travelled by every route suggested, and has throughout viewed things as a practical guide should view them. His directions to the pedestrian are so minute and clear, that it is hardly possible to go wrong, and his advice as to what to see and what to avoid is always worth attention."—*Academy*.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. By the Rev. W.

J. LOFTIE, B.A. With 29 Plans, limp cloth, 5s.

NORWAY. Wilson's Handy Guide. Third

Edition, with Corrections, 7 Maps, limp cloth, 5s.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 26 & 27 Cockspur St., S.W.
Geographer to Her Majesty the Queen.

SEVENTH EDITION.
COMPLETING 40,000.

BESIDE

Bound in Art Linen,

THE

Gilt Top,

BONNIE

6s.

BRIER

BUSH.

An Edition de Luxe of

AULD

LIGHT

IDYLLS.

By J. M. BARRIE.

With 18 Etchings by WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A. Hand-
somely printed by Messrs. R. & R. CLARK, of Edinburgh,
on English Hand-made Paper. Large post 4to, 31s. 6d.

* A few Copies at £3 3s., signed by Author and Artist,
with Etchings Printed on Japanese Paper.

Mr. Barrie's Works.

Bound in Buckram, Gilt Top, Crown 8vo, 6s.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

(THIRTEENTH EDITION.)

AULD LIGHT IDYLLS.

(NINTH EDITION.)

MY LADY NICOTINE.

(SIXTH EDITION.)

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.

(EIGHTH EDITION.)

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS

AND THE

RULE OF THE TURK.

By F. D. GREENE, M.A.

With 20 Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 Paternoster Row.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES

EDITED BY

EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A.,

Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.; roxburgh, 6s. New Volume (No. XIII.).

JULIAN

Philosopher and Emperor and the Last Struggle of
Paganism against Christianity.

By ALICE GARDNER,

Lecturer and Assoc. of Newnham Coll., Cambridge.

Profusely Illustrated with Full-page Plates, Maps, Coins, &c.

Full Prospectus on Application.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 24 Bedford Street, Strand, London;
and New York.

LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

NEW BOOK BY MR. FROUDE.

ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIX-
TEENTH CENTURY. Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Terms,
1893-4. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, late Regius Professor of
Modern History in the University of Oxford. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS: a History
of National Legislation and Political Events, 1774-1895. By JOSEPH
WEST MOORE. 8vo, 15s. net.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER: a Review of
Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1894. 8vo, 18s.
Volumes of the Annual Register for the Years 1863-1893 can still be had,
18s. each.

REASONABLE FAITH AND HOPE:
Sermons. By REGINALD E. MOLYNEUX, M.A., Vicar of Virginia
Water. Crown 8vo, 5s.

SERMON SKETCHES taken from some of
the Sunday Lessons throughout the Church's Year. By W. H.
HUTCHINGS, M.A., Canon of York, Rector of Kirby, Misperton, and
Rural Dean. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE MISTAKES OF MODERN NON-
CONFORMITY. By JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B., Vicar of St. Austell
and Canon of Truro. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

THE MATCHMAKER. By L. B. WAL-
FORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "One Good Guest," &c. New and
Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The Matchmaker" is delightful. . . . We cannot spare pity for any
one who, if weather-bound in country or town, has a comfortable chair by
a good fire, and 'The Matchmaker' for a companion. —*Lady's Pictorial*.

AN ARRANGED MARRIAGE. By
DOROTHEA GERARD, Author of "Lady Baby," &c. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A NEW ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE.

THE JEWEL OF YNYS GALON:
being a hitherto Unprinted Chapter in the History of the Sea Rovers.
By OWEN RHOSCOMYL. With 12 Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Welsh pirates and hidden treasure form a novel combination, and out
of this the writer has made a stirring story . . . and the best writers of
stories for boys might 'father' it without reluctance. The illustrations by
Mr. Lancelot Speed are very good." —*World*.

"The book is admirably written in the neo-romantic style, and takes a
prominent position among the stories of the most popular of recent schools
of fiction. It is happily illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed, and will be read
with unqualified pleasure by all who take it up, especially by Welshmen."
—*Scotsman*.

Now ready, price Sixpence.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE. May.

AN ARRANGED MARRIAGE. By
DOROTHEA GERARD, Author of
"Lady Baby," &c. Chaps. XXII-
XXVI. (Concluded.)
NATURE AND ETERNITY. By
RICHARD JEFFRIES.
A TALE OF THE SEA. By GEORGE
J. ROMANES.

WHY THE ENGLISH RANCHMAN
IS A FAILURE. By an Englishman.
THE MASTER OF BALLIOL. By
MISS L. A. TAYLOR.
A FINLAND PARADISE. By FRED.
WHISHAW.
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.
By ANDREW LANG.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Edited by WILLIAM GRAHAM.

A NEW

NUMBER ONE.

HIGH-CLASS

MAY, 1895.

REVIEW.

HALF-A-CROWN.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

For MAY contains:

The Empire of the Risen Sun.
By A. DÍOSV.
"Acquitted on Grounds of In-
sanity." By L.S. FORBES WINSLOW,
M.D., D.C.L., &c.
The Decadence of Youth. By the
EDITOR.
The Garden of North Africa. By
Captain CHARLES KOLLESTON.
The Jew as a Colonist. By Colonel
ALBERT GOLDSMID.
An Old Bachelor (Story). By X.
Women as they are. By Mrs.
KINGSCOTE.

The King's Friend (Poem). By
Countess ZICHV.
Tristan and Isolde. By EAMÉ
STUART.
The Political Aspect of Protec-
tion. By LORD BYRON.
Literature. By H. D. TRAILL.
The Drama. By J. F. NISBET.
The Indian Upanishads. By Sir ED-
WIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., &c.
A Triad of Sonnets. By Miss MAUD
VYSE.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

NUMBER ONE

A NEW

WILL BE READY

ADVANCED

EARLY IN MAY.

THOUGHT.

Price 2s. 6d.

OFFICES, 4 ADAM STREET, STRAND.

STANDARD WORKS FOR THE LIBRARY

PUBLISHED BY

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN'S HISTORY OF ROME TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS.
Translated by DR. DICKSON. The NEW EDITION, in Five Vols, crown 8vo, 35s. 6d.

THE ROMAN PROVINCES. Being the History of Rome from Cæsar to Diocletian. By PROFESSOR MOMMSEN. Translated by REV. P. W. DICKSON. Two Vols., 8vo, with Maps, 36s.

THE HISTORY OF ROMAN CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. BROWNE, M.A., Ph.D., late Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. One Vol. demy 8vo, 9s.

THE HISTORY OF ANTIQUITY. From the German of Professor MAX DUNCKER. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D. In Six Vols., demy 8vo. Each Volume can be obtained separately, 21s.

THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By SIR EDWARD CREASY, late Chief Justice of Ceylon. Fourteenth Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

DEAN HOOK: his Life and Letters. Edited by the Rev. W. R. W. STEPHENS, Vicar of Woolbeding. The POPULAR EDITION, in One Vol. crown 8vo, with Index and Portraits, 6s.

BISHOP THIRLWALL'S LETTERS TO A FRIEND. Edited by the late Dean STANLEY. A much Enlarged Edition, in One Vol. crown 8vo, with a Portrait, 6s.

THE HEAVENS. By AMEDEE GUILLEMIN. In demy 8vo, with over 200 Illustrations. 12s.

THE LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. From the French of M. MIGNET. By ANDREW SCOBLE. With Two Portraits, 6s.

THE LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL. From the French of M. GUIZOT. By ANDREW SCOBLE. Crown 8vo, with Four Portraits, 6s.

THE HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. From the German of ANTON GINDELEY. By PROFESSOR TEN BROOK. In Two Vols., large crown 8vo, with Maps and Illustrations, 24s.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD. Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. In Nine Vols, demy 8vo, with Portraits, £5 5s.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION. From the French of M. THIERS. By FREDERICK SHOBERL. With Fifty Engravings on Steel. In Five Vols., demy 8vo, 45s.

THE NAVAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. By WILLIAM JAMES. In Six Vols., crown 8vo, with numerous Portraits on Steel, 42s.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. By JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE CAMPAN, First Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. A New and Annotated Edition. In crown 8vo, 6s., with a Portrait

THE LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON. By the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, M.P. In Two Vols., crown 8vo, with Frontispiece to each Volume, 12s.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL, OF TORDOWN, NORTH DEVON. By the Author of "Dartmoor Days," "Wolf-Hunting in Brittany," &c. In crown 8vo, with a Portrait, 6s.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. In crown 8vo, with Portrait, 6s.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

(MESSRS. BENTLEY'S ARE THE ONLY COMPLETE EDITIONS.)

THE ANNOTATED EDITION. Edited, with Notes, by Mrs. EDWARD A. BOND, with a brief Memoir of her Father, and also a Note on the Bibliography of the Legends. With the Illustrations on Steel of CRUIKSHANK and LEECH, and on Wood of TENNIEL, DU MAURIER, DOYLE, &c., and a Portrait of Mr. Barham. This Edition also contains a Reproduction of a Water Colour by CRUIKSHANK hitherto unpublished. In Three Vols., demy 8vo, 31s. 6d.

THE CARMINE EDITION. In small demy 8vo, with a carmine border line around each page. With Twenty Illustrations on Steel by Cruikshank and Leech, with gilt edges and bevelled boards, 10s. 6d.

THE BURLINGTON EDITION. A Cabinet Edition, in Three Vols., fcap. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE EDINBURGH EDITION. An Edition in Large Type, with Fifty Illustrations by Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel, Barham, and Du Maurier, re-engraved on Wood for this Edition, by George Pearson. In crown 8vo, red cloth, 6s.

THE POPULAR EDITION. In crown 8vo, cloth, with Sixteen Illustrations on Wood by Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel, and Barham. 2s. 6d.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, New Burlington Street.

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., at 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 4 May, 1895.

The Saturday Review

No. 2063.

11 May, 1895.

GRATIS.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Constable's Reprint of the Author's Favourite
Edition in 48 vols., with all the Original
Plates and Vignettes.

*Foolscap 8vo, cloth, paper label title,
1s. 6d. net. per Volume.*

Also cloth gilt, gilt top, 2s. net per Volume.

And half leather, gilt, 2s. 6d. net per Volume.

READY ON MAY 15.

WAVERLEY,

2 Vols., 420 pp. each, 1s. 6d. net.

WITH ENGRAVINGS AFTER

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, J. STEPHANOFF, & G. S. NEWTON, A.R.A.

*: This Edition is printed on a superbly
light, pure rag paper, and bound so
as to open quite flat. A Novel will
be issued complete every three weeks.
Full particulars are to be found in
the Prospectus, a copy of which may
be obtained of any bookseller through-
out the Kingdom.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

14 PARLIAMENT STREET, WESTMINSTER.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

THE CRIMINOLOGY SERIES. Edited by W. DOUGLAS MORRISON.
M.A. Vol. I. now ready.

THE FEMALE OFFENDER.

By Prof. LOMBROSO. Edited, and with Introduction, by W. D. MORRISON. With Illustrations and Diagrams. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
"While sharing the feeling of regret felt by the editor that this wicked world is such as it is, we must congratulate him on the thoroughness with which his unpleasant task has been executed, a thoroughness which makes his work a notable contribution to scientific sociology."—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.—NEW VOLUME. VEDIC INDIA.

By Z. A. RAGOZIN. Map and Illustrations. Cloth, 5s. [Next week.

SOME ANCIENT ENGLISH HOMES.

And their Associations: Personal, Archaeological, and Historic. By E. T. HODGES. Illustrations by S. Loxton. 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d. net. [Just ready.

HOLDENHURST HALL.

A Romance. By WALTER RAYMOND. Cloth, 6s. [Now ready.

SECOND AND CHEAPER EDITION, IN ONE VOLUME. NAME THIS CHILD.

A Story of Two. By WILFRID HUGH CHESSEON. Cloth, 6s.
"The . . . novel may safely be classed among the most sparkling and entertaining works of fiction that have obtained publicity for many months past."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE NEW
VOLUME OF
THE
AUTONYM
LIBRARY.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.
Paper, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

THE NEW
VOLUME OF
THE
PSEUDONYM
LIBRARY.

EVERY DAY'S NEWS.

By C. E. FRANCIS.
Paper, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

THE STORY OF A GALLOWAY PARISH. VANNA.

By MARK MCCLELLAN. Map. Cloth, gilt top, 2s. 6d.

A FATAL STEP.

By GEM. Paper, 1s.

NEW VOLUME OF "THE CAMEO SERIES." MARIANA.

By Don JOSÉ ECHEGARAY. Translated into English by JAMES GRAHAM. Photogravure of a recent Portrait of the Author.

VOLUME I. OF "HALF-CROWN NOVELS." A GENDER IN SATIN.

By RITA. Tastefully bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

SIXTH AND CHEAPER EDITION. WILD NATURE WON BY KINDNESS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN. Limp cloth, 1s. 6d.

SHYLOCK AND OTHERS.

Eight Studies. By G. H. RADFORD. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED BY HORACE COX.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

Now ready, post 8vo, price 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.

THE ANGLER'S DIARY AND TOURIST FISHERMAN'S GAZETTEER FOR 1895. Containing a Record of the Rivers and Lakes of the World, to which is added a List of Rivers of Great Britain with their nearest Railway Stations. Also Forms for Registering the Fish taken during the year, as well as the Time of the Close Seasons and Angling Licences. By I. E. B. C., Editor of "The Gamekeeper's and Game Preserver's Account Book and Diary," &c.

A POCKET BOOK FOR ANGLERS AND RAMBLERS.
Crown 12mo, buckram, 2s. 6d. net; paper covers, 1s. 6d. net.

A MIXED BAG. A Medley of Angling Stories and Sketches. By "RED SPINNER," Author of "Near and Far," "By Stream and Sea," "Travel and Trout," "Waterside Sketches," "Notable Shipwrecks," "The Thames from Oxford to the Pool," &c.

Now ready, price 5s.

HORSES, ASSES, ZEBRAS, MULES, AND MULE BREEDING. By W. T. TEGENTMEIER and C. L. SUTHERLAND. This work, which is profusely illustrated, includes a detailed description of all the animals of the horse tribe, and a demonstration of the advantages of mules for agricultural and draught purposes, as shown by their utilization in Europe, America, and India.

Second Edition. Now ready, price 6s.

WILTON, Q.C.; or, Life in a Highland Shooting Box. By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE, Author of "A Winter Jaunt to Norway" (with personal accounts of Nansen, Ibsen, Björnson, Brandes), "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," &c.

"Mrs. Alec Tweedie has much to tell that is at once racy and interesting, and those who love the Highlands will read her admirable word-pictures with great pleasure. The story is eminently readable."—*Scotsman*.

Now ready, at all Libraries and Bookstalls. In crown 8vo, price 6s.

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS; being the Life and Adventures of Gilbert Cosworth, a gentleman of Cornwall, how he fought for Prince Charles in the Years 1745 and 1746, and what Befel Him Thereafter. By KATHARINE LEE (Mrs. Henry Jenner), Author of "A Western Wildflower," "In London Town," "Katharine Blyth," "An Imperfect Gentleman," "Love or Money," "In the Albanian Mountains," &c.

Now ready, at all Libraries and Bookstalls. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 6s.

IN MARKET OVERT. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," "The Confidential Agent," "A Stumble on the Threshold," and with Illustrations by Walter Paget.

In the Press. Nearly ready.

MARRIED TO ORDER. By ESMÉ STUART, Author of "Joan Vellacot," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," "The Power of the Past," &c.

Demy 8vo. Illustrations and Map. 12s. net.

SIX MONTHS IN A SYRIAN MONASTERY: being the Record of a Visit to the Headquarters of the Syrian Church in Mesopotamia, with some account of the Yazidis, or Devil Worshipers of Mosul and El Jilwah, their sacred book. By OSWALD H. PARRY, B.A., of Magdalen College, Oxford. Illustrated by the Author. With a Prefatory Note by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham.

Now ready, price 5s. net; by post 5s. 4d.

THE ART OF CHESS. By JAMES MASON.

CONTENTS.—I. THE END GAME. Pawns v. Pawns; Minor Pieces, &c.; Rook v. Pawns; Rook, Sole or Supported, against Various Forces; Queen v. Various Forces. II. THE MIDDLE GAME. Combination in General. III. THE OPENING. Introduction; King's Knight's Game; Centre Game; King's Gambits; King's Gambit Declined; French Defence; Centre Counter Game; Sicilian Defence; Fianchetto, &c.; Queen's Knight's Game; Queen Pawn Opening; Appendix; the Problem Art.

Crown 8vo, cloth boards, price 5s. net; by post 5s. 6d.

THE KNIGHTS AND KINGS OF CHESS.

By the Rev. G. A. MACDONELL, B.A. With Portrait and Seventeen Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 2s. 6d. net; bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 5s.; by post, 3d. extra.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CHESS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By JAMES MASON.

CONTENTS.—I. Elements of Chess. II. General Principles. III. Combination IV. Exposition of Master Play Complete.

Demy 8vo, cloth boards, price 4s.; by post, 4s. 4d.

A DAY AT MONTE CARLO. By W. J. A. STAMER, Author of "Dolce Napoli," &c.

Royal 8vo, with Maps and Plates, price One Guinea net.

MAN HUNTING IN THE DESERT: being a Narrative of the Palmer Search Expedition, 1882-1883, conducted by Sir Charles Warren. By Captain ALFRED E. HAYNES, Royal Engineers. With an Introduction by WALTER BESANT.

Royal 8vo, price 16s. net; by post, 16s. 6d.

SPORTING DAYS IN SOUTHERN INDIA:

being Reminiscences of Twenty Trips in Pursuit of Big Game, chiefly in the Madras Presidency. By Lieut.-Col. A. J. O. POLLOCK, Royal Scots Fusiliers. With numerous Illustrations by WHYMPER and others.

CONTENTS.—Chapters I., II., III. The Bear—Chapters IV. and V. The Panther—Chapters VI., VII., and VIII. The Tiger—Chapters IX. and X. The Indian Bison—Chapters XI. and XII. The Elephant—Chapter XIII. Deer (Cervidae) and Antelopes—Chapter XIV. The Ibez—Chapters XV. and XVI. Miscellaneous.

TEXAN RANCH LIFE. By MARY J. JAKES.

Price 12s. 6d.

Post 8vo, with Illustrations, price 3s. 6d.

SPORT IN ENGLAND. Past and Present.

By Colonel E. C. C. HARTOFT.

London: HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

NOW READY, crown 8vo, 72s.

THE CRIMEAN WAR,

From First to Last.

Extracts from the Private Letters and Journals of General Sir DANIEL LYONS, G.C.B., Constable of the Tower. With Illustrations from the Author's own Drawings and Plans.

NOW READY, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DAY DREAMS:

Being Thoughts from the Note-Book of a Cripple.

By Major GAMBIER PARRY.

NOW READY, crown 8vo, 6s.

THE SAPPHIRE RING:

A New Novel.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE,

Author of "Sir Hector's Watch," "The Broken Stirrup Leather," &c.

NEXT WEEK.

Crown 8vo.

A VAGABOND IN SPAIN:

An Account of a Journey on Foot.

By C. B. LUFFMANN.

THIRD EDITION, with Illustrations, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

AN UNRECORDED CHAPTER

OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Being the Personal Reminiscences of REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE, late 52nd Light Infantry. Compiled from a Diary and Letters written on the spot.

Words and Music, crown 8vo, 9s.

A SELECTION OF THE

SONGS OF LADY DUFFERIN

(Countess of Gifford).

Set to Music by Herself and Others.

A Companion Volume to "Songs, Poems, and Verses."

Small crown 8vo, 6s.

PROGRESSIVE REVELATION;

Or, Through Nature to God.

By E. M. CAILLARD,

Author of "Electricity," "The Invisible Powers of Nature," &c.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

HISTORY OF RELIGION.

A Sketch of Primitive Religious Beliefs and Practices, and of the Origin and Character of the Great Systems.

By ALLAN MENZIES, D.D.

* * This book is sold both as a Library Book and as one of the Series of University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor Knight of St. Andrews University.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

SUNSHINE AND HAAR.

Some Further Glimpses into the Life at Barncraig.

By GABRIEL SETOUN,

Author of 'Barncraig.'

"A second book from the author of 'Barncraig' should convince those left unpersuaded by the earlier volume—if any such there be—that a new writer has come among us with a notable gift of sympathy and insight into the hearts and lives of homely people."—*Scotsman*.

"A combination of the tragic, the pathetic, and the humorous, surpassing aught compassed by two or three of his contemporaries who have attained far greater popularity."—*Black and White*.

With many Illustrations, 8vo, 21s.

THE EVIL EYE:

An Account of this Ancient and Widespread Superstition.

By FREDERICK THOMAS ELWORTHY.

"As Mr. Elworthy justly observes, the origin of the belief in the Evil Eye is lost in the obscurity of prehistoric ages, and it must be set down as one of the hereditary and instinctive convictions of mankind. His admirable work on the subject, the interest of which is enhanced by nearly 200 excellent engravings, should figure in every public and private library in the three kingdoms."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A mine of quaint facts and illustrative anecdotes so rich that it is impossible to open the book without lighting upon some suggestive passage, or on some instance of those persistent traces of a rude faith which we apply term superstitions."—*Standard*.

A NEW "MURRAY."

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HANDBOOK FOR HERTFORDSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE. An entirely New Work. With Maps and Plans.

"The appearance of a new 'Murray' is always a subject for congratulation: the well-known cover seems to suggest in the most obvious and natural manner a re-letter day. It is now almost sixty years since John Murray the second, after several years of travel and research, wrote and published the first of the celebrated guide-books which have since smoothed the way for millions of travellers and tourists, and provoked an army of imitators."—*National Observer*.

"Now that Saturday half-holiday excursions are, happily, so much in vogue, Londoners may in this book find a delightful guide to many places of quite easy access, where they will feel as rural as though 'five hundred miles from town.' The number of interesting places full of delightful memories in these three little counties will fairly astonish not a few readers. The maps are good enough for either pedestrians or bicyclists."—*Daily Chronicle*.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 11 MAY, 1895.

BOOKS.

ECCENTRIC SCIENCE.

"The Female Offender." By Prof. Cæsar Lombroso and William Ferrero. With an introduction by W. Douglas Morrison. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

SINCE the scientific faddist has been let loose upon society, life is growing very difficult to live. The result of every man becoming his own doctor has opened out a fine perspective of nervous disorder, and it still remains to be seen what "criminal anthropology" will do. This term is an invention of Professor Cæsar Lombroso, and "is really"—on the authority of Mr. Douglas Morrison, who stands sponsor for the English translation—"an inquiry on scientific principles into the physical, mental, and pathological characteristics of the criminal population." The Professor is at least not lacking in that kind of courage which rushes in where angels fear to tread, and, leaving the enigma of normal womanhood to all whom it may concern, he carries the old curiosity into the *oubliettes* where *la donna delinquente* is expiating the possession of her "high percentage of physical anomalies." For Dr. Lombroso is as ardent a prophet of degeneration as the redoubtable Nordau himself; and of all degenerates "the female offender" is, he avers, the worst. "Woman does not become a criminal through the intensity of her passions (these being colder in her), but through the explosion of a latent tendency to crime which an occasion has set free." Of the popular short cuts to notoriety the reviling of woman is perhaps the shortest. Let the idealist, that dog of a worshipper, wonder and pass on.

Not only has Dr. Lombroso the wit to *chercher la femme* in fresh woods and pastures new, but to this quality he adds, like the deacon in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, a remarkable "business energy and push." These qualities, supplemented by a tape measure, have enabled him to record, in three hundred pages of close type, that projecting ears are rather more frequent among criminal women than among prostitutes, though the latter class have the advantage in cases of overlapping teeth and similar epoch-making discoveries. To the quibbling critic, perhaps, the value of such testimony may be a little dashed by such interpolations as the following: "Madame Jarnowsky found no woman, whether normal, criminal, or prostitute, whose frontal diameter was between 95 and 105. Salsotto, on the other hand, found this measurement in 60 per cent of poisoners, in 51 per cent of murderesses (assassins), and in only 40 per cent of infanticides." Dr. Lombroso here refers to his predecessors in the same line of business; but when scientists fall out, is the honest woman likely to come by her own? In any case, weaklings of the other sex who have no tape-measures, or who find a difficulty in using them, may take comfort in the assertion that "50 per cent of assassins and 25 per cent of poisoners blushed at the mention of their crime." There is, after all, a subtle fascination in the connection of carmine cheeks and carbolie acid. Even Villekins, of immortal memory, may have detected the same in his Dinah.

So exploring the Inferno of the female offender, with Lombroso for our Virgil, we learn that "atavism helps to explain the rarity of the criminal type in woman," and this in spite of the latent depravity aforesaid. Further, that "the very precocity of prostitutes—the precocity which increases their apparent beauty—is primarily attributable to atavism. Due also to it is the virility underlying the female criminal type; for what we look for most in the female is femininity, and when we find the opposite in her we conclude, as a rule, that there must be some anomaly. And in order to understand the significance and the atavistic origin of this anomaly, we have only to remember that virility was one of the special features of the savage woman." We are inclined to think from this contention that Dr.

Lombroso has mistaken the tents of the New Woman for the limbo of the female delinquent, unless, indeed, the affinity between the two types is nearer than we supposed. The absence of femininity is at least equally characteristic, and in referring both to the primitive original, Dr. Lombroso has, all unconsciously it seems, stumbled upon a final proof of the antiquity of the modern woman. For our own part, however, we feel keenly that this Italian scientist has but added a fresh terror to sexual relations. With this newly established similarity between the blushing poisoner and the maiden up-to-date, he is a brave man who would risk marriage without irrefutable evidence that the cranial diameter of his *innamorata* bears witness to her morality, or that she is innocent of a "median occipital fossa"! He would also find in a very short arm and a long middle finger a warning to proceed on purely platonic lines, while the presence of "sessile" ears, or marked strabismus, would suggest immediate flight as the better part of valour. Marriages will not be made in heaven, or elsewhere, when the aspiring Benedick shall have assimilated the Lombroso philosophy, but in the anthropologist's consulting-room, whither the embryo bride of the future will repair in much the same spirit as she now fares forth to the photographer.

After Professor Lombroso has pushed these multifarious physical details to a *reductio ad absurdum*, he devotes himself to delineating the characteristics of "the born criminal." The evil propensities of this class are, he declares, "more intense and more perverse than those of their male prototypes." From the stories by which he illustrates this theory, one may realize how thin a line divides the criminal impulse from actual insanity. There was once a girl named Ardelouze who murdered her father because he would not consent to her marriage, although in a few months her attainment of majority would have enabled her to dispense with his permission. Merely stupid crimes of this sort are frequent; nevertheless, a nice sense of the parts of speech is not entirely incompatible with a homicidal tendency. "How I wish," wrote Aveline to her lover before they murdered her husband together, "we had accomplished the deed that will make us free and happy; I must see the end of it, for there is Paradise. At the turn of the road are roses." For the precipitation of this end, moreover, Aveline burned tapers before the shrine of the Madonna. To have loved this voluptuous *dévote*, who was equally artistic with pen and with poison, must have been a liberal education.

The occasional criminal is less interesting and never artistic. "The first thing to be observed," writes Lombroso, "is the absence of any characteristic or features denoting degeneration. As we saw already, 54 per cent of female offenders are absolutely normal in these respects." Of the remaining abnormalities there are the born criminals and the modern maidens, both being barbarians, such as every adorable woman at heart is, with an infusion of the traditional rake. On the other hand, the occasional and hysterical offender is a poor creature if a normal one, with an irritating tendency to quite unnecessary confession and an utter lack of dignity. The "Crimes of Passion" have a chapter to themselves, and their manifestations vary according to sex. Lombroso is of opinion that in women "we find not the sudden fury of passion which blinds even a good man and transforms him temporarily into a homicide, but a slower and more tenacious feeling, which produces a ferment of cruel instincts and allows time for reflection in preparing and calculating the details of the crime." In short, when lovely woman stoops to murder she shows a disposition to make her victim aware of the very taste and texture of death before the end comes. She desires that vengeance which is sweetness long drawn out rather than the maladroitness dealt by reckless passion. Lombroso thinks she has less passion to deal such blows; but it is more probable that she lacks both strength and courage, and has developed a pretty talent for deliberation out of centuries of inherent weakness. Our Professor nourishes, in spite of his tape-measure, not a few illusions concerning the eternal feminine, whether normal or criminal. Having swallowed the camel of anthropology, he strains at the gnat of complex emotion, and knows her alone who has been from everlasting. The female offender has, as it were, got on

his nerves, till "the illimitable poem" of womanhood has become but the length of a bone, and her infinite variety but an affair of decimal fractions. So, truly, this Italian philosopher might say with Euripides: "The violence of ocean wave or of devouring flame is terrible, terrible also is poverty; but woman is more terrible than all else."

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

"Prince Henry the Navigator." By C. R. Beazley.
New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
1895.

FEW subjects could be more fascinating than that of the volume before us. Yet we confess to a certain feeling of disappointment on closing it. Extremely interesting, it yet fails of being, as we hoped it might be, enthralling. Why is this? The cause, we think, lies not so much in the author's treatment of his subject, though we shall have some criticisms to make on that ground also, as in the conditions of his scheme. What that scheme is Mr. Beazley tells us in his preface. "Our subject has been strictly historical, but a history in which a certain life, a certain biographical centre, becomes more and more important"; the history, in fact, of geographical progress throughout the middle ages, culminating in the achievements of Prince Henry himself. A fascinating scheme, certainly; but how immense! It is, doubtless, unreasonable to quarrel with Mr. Beazley because, having set out to write on a certain plan, he has kept to that plan; but we cannot help wishing that, considering the necessary limits of his volume, he did not limit his scheme proportionately. The book belongs to the "Heroes of the Nations" series, which we conceive to have been designed for the general reader (mysterious and elusive entity!) rather than the historical student. Perhaps this is a misconception; but, at any rate, we cannot persuade ourselves that the present volume of the series is likely to give entire satisfaction to either. There is so strong an element of personal daring and adventure in all histories of discovery, that a certain copiousness, garrulity almost, is necessary to make the narration cohere. Mr. Beazley gives little touches of the picturesque, glimpses of strange countries, from the notes of Abbot Daniel or of Marco Polo; but his scheme obliges him to press on, to dismiss the greatest travellers in a few chapters; so that, what the expert will regard as mere crumbs from his table, is an indigestible meal to the ordinary reader.

After all, however, this is only to state the difficulties with which Mr. Beazley had to contend. Granting the conditions imposed, and a little thought suffices to realize how immensely hard these were, we must allow that he has produced a work of indisputable interest and of distinct value. As we have said, a complete success would have been, in our judgment, impossible even for the most experienced story-teller: but Mr. Beazley has thorough command of his facts, and his narrative, though marred a little by repetitions, is clear. And, on the whole, his claim is justified that he has supplied the want of "a connected account, from the originals known to us, of the expansion of Europe through geographical enterprise" within the period chosen. As to the value of the reproductions of early maps, we do not quite share Mr. Beazley's opinion: they are so reduced, and in some cases so ill printed, that half their value is lost. An amusing game might be played, the point of which would be to guess at the countries intended; for the difficulty of knowing which is land and which sea is heightened by the variety of ways in which the maps are set. To the grave student their value is no more than that of a rough index to the progress of cartography. Should Mr. Beazley expand the first half of his book into a larger work, we hope that he will secure reproductions of better quality and more adequate size. Such expansion would probably improve the work from every point of view. For his present cramped conditions seem also to have paralyzed his style: the need of getting in so many facts prevents its flow: so that, as a piece of literature, the book cannot rank very high. Perhaps bad habits caused by lecturing to Oxford under-

graduates have operated to this end. Now and then we have a disagreeable feeling that we are being given handy "tips" for use in a future examination. Throughout there is a lack of fusion, of enthusiasm, of imagination. Yet what a subject it is for imaginative treatment! The reader, placed at the outset in that little world of the tenth century, that island of known country surrounded by unpenetrated darkness, should feel with each generation the growing restlessness that strikes out paths, little by little, into the unknown: he should be made to wander with the Vikings over Arctic seas to North America, or to pierce with them the vast deserts of Russia: to sail with the Arab merchants down the Eastern shores of Africa: and to explore with Marco Polo the extremities of Asia. Not that we miss in Mr. Beazley's writing the cheap picturesque of some historians; but a more imaginative presentment of each period would enable the reader to seize more firmly the importance of each new discovery as it comes.

Of Prince Henry himself, Mr. Beazley tells us nothing that is not to be found in Mr. Major's life. But it is a story which may well be retold; for Henry's fame is far less than his genius merits. In this country he is scarcely a name. Of all the Englishmen who every year pass the red cliffs of Cape St. Vincent on their way East, or coming home, how many remember Nelson, how few think of Henry of Portugal! Yet it was on this bare promontory that he set up his observatory, built harbour and ships, studied, schemed, and lived: from here that annually he launched his vessels, like arrows from a bow, aiming them towards a mark he only guessed at. It was the life of a recluse, yet a life of absorbed energy; and no home could have been fitter, set as it was on the extreme limit of Western Europe, looking out on the yet unconquered Atlantic. Only after many rebuffs did the adventurous caravels make way into the "sea of darkness." At last, Bojador, the obstinate cape, is rounded; then Rio d'Ouro is reached, and a landing on the African coast achieved; several years later Cape Blanco is passed; then Cape Palmar, and the Senegal is entered: and so the story grows, each voyage gaining a little on the last. The climax of it all, the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz, the opening of the route to India, Henry was destined not to see. But not only was the original impulse his, not only was it his superb patience and invincible faith that made the discovery possible so soon; but the actual portion of the work done before his death was, as Mr. Beazley points out, incomparably the more difficult portion. Strangely and intensely modern in an age when feats of arms and personal magnificence counted for everything, Henry found that

"Man's foe is ignorance; and the true soldier
May sit at home, and in retirement win
Kingdoms of knowledge."

The laurels won so early at Ceuta, which procured him such fame that the Pope and the Emperor, the King of Castile and the King of England—Henry of Agincourt—offered him the command of their armies, did not entice him to attempt military renown. Except for the ill-fated expedition to Tangier, he sheathed his sword for good. It is, doubtless, this austerity of devotion to a great faith and cause, something remote and studious in his whole career, which prevents him enjoying the romantic fame of the brilliant, adventurous sea-captains, the Drakes, the Cabots, the Frobishers, who owed so much to him. His work of creating, administering, bringing to a focus the growing mass of knowledge, was fully as practical, Mr. Beazley well argues, as that of the captains he sent out; his results were greater, if his popular fame suffered thereby. Few single lives have done as much to change the world for men; none ever fought a nobler battle in the "liberation war of humanity." We English, of all men, who have gained more than any nation from his labours, who have followed his footsteps and inherited his dreams, owe an especial honour to his name; the more so that he is partly of our own blood and half an Englishman. The portrait of him, in mourning dress (Mr. Beazley, by a slip, has printed "morning"), in the MS. of Azurara's book, reveals him with the massive strength and frank vitality of his father, but subtly impressed with an intellectual fineness, an air of spirituality and thoughtful concentration, drawn from his English mother, the daughter of John of Gaunt.

A PRIMER OF EVOLUTION.

"A Primer of Evolution." By Edward Clodd. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

A PART from Mr. Clodd's gift of easy exposition and pleasant language, it is doubtful whether or no an amateur of many sciences like him is not in a better position to write on evolution for the masses than one whose name would carry more scientific weight. There are many men of science whose gifts and attainments might lead us to expect from them even a better book than Mr. Clodd's, but we fear their attempt would fail to satisfy our expectation. The specialist in science would be careful about many things, and might easily neglect the one thing needful, the perfect subordination of the details to the broad generalizations of the subject. We may say at once that we think Mr. Clodd has succeeded admirably in his difficult task, and we confidently recommend his book to all general readers, and more particularly to those who, without having an aptitude for the natural sciences, wish to know the broad arguments for evolution, and the general sources from which they are derived.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Clodd through the details of his book. No two persons would choose precisely the same set of illustrating facts, or would condense in the same places. But in displaying evolution from stellar matter to man there are three notable difficulties, and we shall review shortly Mr. Clodd's treatment of each.

There is the first beginning of things. Matter and energy, says Mr. Clodd, we must conceive of as eternal. "But as everything points to the finite duration of the universe as we know it—for what now it is it once was not, and its state is ever changing—we must make a start somewhere. 'All sciences start with hypotheses,' and we are therefore compelled to posit a state when the atoms, with their inherent forces and potential energies, stood apart from one another. Not evenly distributed, else force would have drawn them together as a uniform spherical mass round a common centre of gravity, and energy, awakened by the collision of atom with atom, would have passed profitlessly in the form of heat to the ethereal medium." This is taking the ditch with a bold leap, but we cannot see that it lands Mr. Clodd and his readers otherwise than in the mud. The uneven distribution of primitive matter is no satisfying solution of the beginning of things. It is a postulate that contains all the difficulties of the conclusion. We fancy the mistake lies in saying "we must begin somewhere." By all means trace back the solar system to a nebular condition, like many of the existing nebulae. Beyond that leave things. We know, as Mr. Clodd admits in this book, almost nothing certain about star-sown space. Perhaps the mapping of the heavens may reveal eventually some system of the systems, something that shall co-ordinate the birth of a system of sun and planets with the general distribution of matter in the universe. If such further knowledge come, the application of evolution may be pushed back yet another stage: at present it seems futile and useless to posit a chaotic beginning. Start from our own solar system: that must be beginning enough for us, until we come to know something of the relation of our system to others.

The next and infinitely easier difficulty is the origin of life. Mr. Clodd very naturally assumes that life is far older than the record of it, and that as the earth cooled it appeared first at the poles. But for the manner of its origin he says only something vague about electricity causing combinations that would not otherwise occur. Here again we think that Mr. Clodd goes beyond the facts. He is perfectly right in minimizing the special mystery of life. "Although the living thing affects us much more nearly than lifeless stones and rain, it hides no profounder mystery than they." Let him make all the necessary comparisons between protoplasm and unstable compounds. Let him state how the chemist is gradually emulating the productions that have been always associated with what used to be called vital force. Having got the beginner so far, let him leave things there, as problems awaiting solution, approaching solution if you like. The suggestion of electricity is the

merest illusion, an obvious *deus ex machina*, that can satisfy no intelligent curiosity.

With his treatment of the last question, the origin of consciousness, we are in full agreement with Mr. Clodd. "The gulf between consciousness and the movement of the molecules of nerve-matter, measurable as these are, is impassable: we can follow the steps of the mechanical processes of nerve-changes till we reach the threshold which limits the known, and beyond that barrier we cannot go."

ABOUT NORTHUMBERLAND.

"A History of Northumberland." Vol. II. By Edward Bateson. Newcastle: Andrew Reid & Co. 1895.

"Whittingham Vale: its History, Traditions, and Folklore." By David Dippie Dixon. Newcastle: R. Redpath. 1895.

"Northumberland Words: a Glossary." By R. Oliver Heslop. Vol. II. London: English Dialect Society. 1894.

THE appearance on our table simultaneously of three volumes dealing with the antiquities and history of the northernmost English county suggests that Northumberland must, at the present moment, be attracting a great deal of literary attention. The days of county histories in folio are over; but the antiquaries of a later age are not more reserved in detail, although their volumes are less massive. When Mr. Bateson's "History of Northumberland" is completed, it will surely form a library in itself. The first volume went no further than the parish of Bamborough and the chapelry of Belford. This second instalment, though a fat quarto of nearly six hundred pages, still remains within the boundaries of Sir Edward Grey's division of the county. At this rate the "History of Northumberland" can hardly be completed in fewer than a dozen such volumes. Half of what lies before us deals with Embleton and its landward neighbour, Ellingham; the rest with Howick, Long Houghton, and Lesbury parishes. We are brought, therefore, to the mouth of the Aln; but Alnwick still defies us, as though we were a body of Border raiders. The castle of Dunstanburgh is the most interesting building in the district under consideration; but Rock and the Vicarage of Embleton have architectural pretensions. In a district very thinly populated, Alnmouth, a decayed borough, is now the only important village.

That the history of our parishes should be recorded is no doubt important, but we hardly know that it is necessary to do it on so vast a scale. This book reminds us of the country which it describes, open, broad, and healthy, with a few objects of great antiquity and genuine interest, yet in other respects empty and unexciting. We know few drearier walks than that between Dunstanburgh and the station at Christonbank, although the pedestrian may be cheered by sparkling vistas of the remote Cheviot Hills; we know few pieces of literature more dispiriting than the hundred and odd pages here dedicated to the parish of Ellingham, in spite of all its information about the De Gauguys and the De Cliffords. But this is not the spirit in which to approach a county history, and we acknowledge the merit and the value of this huge compilation, which ought to be in the library of every loyal Northumbrian. We note that the name of Mr. Bateson is no longer to appear as that of editor, but it is not stated who will succeed him in the labours which he has conducted with remarkable energy and research.

Mr. David Dippie Dixon has not been able to wait until the "History of Northumberland" should reach Whittingham Vale, although it is now at his very doors, with nothing but the demesnes of Alnwick dividing him from it. It really seems, in the circumstances, a little needless to devote an entire volume to Whittingham, and Mr. Dixon might surely have placed his notes at Mr. Bateson's disposal. His book forms a rambling guide to the upper waters of the Aln, a country mildly remarkable for its Roman remains and its pretty wooded scenery. It contains the beautiful little Transitional church of Alnham, the mansion of Eslington, Callaby Castle, and the Border tower of Whittingham. Mr. Dixon quotes an extraordinary amount of bad local

verse, and tells a great many stories which, we are convinced, have given amusement to a large number of persons in the parishes of Edlingham and Eglingham. If we are not equally amused on all occasions, the fault is ours, and not that of Mr. David Dippie Dixon.

The glossary of words used in the county of Northumberland and on the Tyneside, which the English Dialect Society began to publish in 1892, is at last completed. It is a useful publication, but we cannot help noticing with regret that this class of books is becoming more and more lengthy and verbose. In 1875 the English Dialect Society, in its early modest days, was content with one small volume for the words of West Somerset. It cost three shillings and sixpence, while to buy "Northumberland Words" we must expend two pounds. This tendency to increased elaboration is indulged at the cost of concentration. To expand the publications of the English Dialect Society, a great deal is printed which is really of little value. Many articles are admitted which have slight local interest, and belong to Northumberland no more than to Warwickshire or Cornwall. "Pitch and toss" is not peculiar to the first-named county, nor is the verb to "plop" unknown south of the Tyne. Mere misspellings, moreover, and vulgar corruptions of common words have little place in a glossary of the dialect of a county. In the midst of a good deal that is of trifling importance, however, some curious and valuable survivals will be discovered in the pages of "Northumberland Words," in the collection of which Mr. Heslop has shown a laudable zeal.

A HISTORY OF ECONOMICS.

"Outlines of English Industrial History." By W. Cunningham, D.D., and Ellen A. McArthur. Cambridge Historical Series. The University Press. 1895.

WHEN the reviewer comes across a scientific work bearing the title of "Introduction" to this or that, he has reason to expect that several hours or days of good tough reading are in front of him. Anybody but a tiro knows that the name expresses only the modesty of the writer, and that introductions, like prefaces, should come at the end. In the same way the unassuming word "Outlines" suggests a book which will be read with profit only by those who already know a good deal of the subject outlined, and will be as far as possible from being a book for beginners. When, then, it is remembered that Dr. Cunningham is the author of the two large volumes entitled "The Growth of English Industry and Commerce," the natural inference is, that a book which covers the same ground in 274 pages will be very much what is vulgarly known as a "boiling down," with all the interest taken out—on the principle opposite to that on which histories are written for children where only the stories are left. It is a relief to find that the present "Outlines" is very far from being anything of the kind. It is, of course, based on the researches by which Dr. Cunningham has made his name as a historical economist, but it is a real addition to these researches. It gives what one felt to be wanting in the larger work, a kind of sketch plan by which to group the somewhat confusing mass of detail; and, in doing so, it presents English industrial history as an intelligible and sometimes even a conscious development. Premising that it is always difficult to summarize what is already a summary, the plan may be described as follows.

The first chapters treat of the mingling of races whose characteristics have made the English worker what he is, and of the physical environment which has determined his industries along certain lines. Without wasting much time on what has, after all, little more than a historical interest, the making of England before the Conquest, the authors begin our industrial history proper with the thirteenth century. Here the distinctive feature may almost be said to be the absence of national feeling and national policy. In rural England till the middle of the fourteenth century the manor is the unit: the self-contained village organization, supporting itself and ruled from within, scarcely touching a national life in any point but that of the fiscal obligation of each

manorial lord. Here, indeed, is neither individual nor state. How this manorial organization broke down, and villeinage came to an end, on the economic convulsion following the Black Death, is well known.

In the towns we find a similar condition of isolation. In Domesday Book even the principal towns show little, if any, trace of common municipal life. A great many of them, indeed, grew up under manorial patronage, so that their earlier history is really the story of a prosperous manor. The bulk of them probably came into existence as centres of commerce, and developed only gradually into centres of industry. But the history of the towns before the Crusades is very obscure, and anything like a typical development is not to be looked for. Almost the only thing in which they agree is the self-contained character of each borough and its exclusiveness against the "foreigner," meaning by the word those foreign to the town, whether aliens or Englishmen. How they got their charters; how municipalities grew out of guilds, or in some connection or other with guilds; how guilds shaped the municipal life, &c., is told with as much clearness as the nature of the subject permits. Up till this point we have what is characterized as "subsistence farming" and subsistence industry.

The beginnings of national economic life are seen in the reign of Edward III. It is pointed out how, under the personal care of this "Father of English Commerce," something dimly like a free-trade policy may be traced in the encouragement given to alien merchants and craftsmen, and in the facilities given for the export and import of certain goods. It was at least, as Bacon saw, a policy which took *plenty* as the economic aim. But under the Tudors there appears a complete reversal of all this, in what developed ultimately into the mercantile system. While the interest of the producer, so far as regards a fair remuneration for his work, is the dominant one, the interests both of producers and consumers are postponed to a policy which aims first at political greatness. The following out of this policy is considered at length, in separate chapters, from the side of the food supply, the industrial life, and the commercial development which gave England her supremacy on the sea. Two other chapters consider the general economic policy underlying the whole, and the changes in money and finance induced. This part of the book is very well done. In particular should be noticed the explanation given of what has been so often denounced by deductive economists as folly, viz., the policy pursued in reference to the precious metals by great statesmen who probably were not so short-sighted as those who have condemned them. "Those who were most decided about the advantage of procuring treasure were equally clear that gold and silver were valuable only by convention and not in their own nature."

The period of regulation from above lasted till circumstances, voiced by Adam Smith, laid down the new canons of industrial freedom and the mutual advantage of international trade. The industrial revolution which dates the modern era at the accession of George III., with its inventions, its struggle between water and steam power, its abuses leading to the Factory Acts, the reformation of the Poor Law, &c., is treated of at length, and the attempt is made to show how the thoroughgoing money-economy has reacted on social institutions and brought about the anxious problems of the present day.

Where the authors abandon this historical plan, as in the later chapters, and seek rather to gather up the contrasts between early problems and present-day ones, the book is not quite so satisfactory. There is, of course, nothing in chapters like that of "Labour and Capital" but what is conspicuously sensible and moderate, but they are open to the criticism of being a little well-worn and scarcely filling out the conception of "historical outlines." There is appended a Chronological Table, arranged according to economic categories, from 400 A.D. downwards. This will be much appreciated by economists who are sometimes at a loss to lay their hand on an economic date.

On the whole it is safe to say that no book of similar size has covered the ground in nearly so adequate a manner, and the authors may be congratulated on a distinct service alike to history and to economics.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By BENJAMIN KIDD.

New Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
Mr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE (in *NATURE*).—"A very remarkable book, and one which must have a good effect in preparing students of sociology for the inevitable changes which are rapidly coming upon us. It is thoroughly scientific in its methods."

SPEAKER.—"It is an extraordinarily bracing and inspiring work. . . . Its brilliant and profound generalization, and its original application of new biological views demand the attention of all students of society."
ECHO.—"One of those books which ought to be read and reread and approached after the first blare of trumpets has died away. 'Social Evolution' will stand this cold-blooded study. Every page bears traces of the wide reading, the intellectual power and command, and the mental digestion of the author."

EVERSLEY SERIES.—NEW VOLUME.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. Two

Courses of Lectures by Sir J. R. SEELEY, K.C.M.G., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge; Fellow of Gonville and Caius College; Fellow of the Royal Historical Society; and Honorary Member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. Globe 8vo, 3s.
GUARDIAN.—"There is no need to praise so excellent a book."

THE ESSENTIALS OF LOGIC. Being Ten

Lectures on Judgment and Inference. By BERNARD BOSANQUET, formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

ÆSTHETIC PRINCIPLES. By HENRY

RUTGERS MARSHALL, M.A., Author of "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

LATIN POETRY. Lectures delivered in 1893

on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. Y. TYRRELL, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Crown 8vo, 7s. net.

LECTURES ON PREACHING. Delivered in

the Divinity School, Cambridge, in April and May 1894. By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY PHYSICS. By

HALFOUR STEWART, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., late Langworthy Professor of Physics in the Owens College, Manchester, and Professor of the Victoria University. New and enlarged Edition. Fcap 8vo, 4s. 6d.

OUTLINES OF SOCIAL THEOLOGY. By

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, D.D., President of Bowdoin College. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THACKERAY: a Study. By ADOLPHUS

ALFRED JACK. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.—"Mr. Jack's Essay on Thackeray is a piece of careful, appreciative, and interesting work."

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

FROM CHAPMAN & HALL'S LIST.

CHARLES DIXON.

THE MIGRATION OF BRITISH BIRDS:

including their Post-Glacial Emigration as traced by the application of a new Law of Dispersal. Being a contribution to Migration, Geographical Distribution, and Insular Faunas. By CHARLES DIXON. With Six Maps. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. [This day.]

* * This volume is the development and application of what is believed to be an entirely new law governing the Geographical Dispersal of Species. British birds have been selected to demonstrate the theory. The work has been divided into two parts, the first treating of physical and climatic changes, and their effects on birds and species generally. The second part deals with the migration of birds within the British area.

CAPTAIN C. J. MELLIS.

LION-HUNTING IN SOMALILAND; also an

account of Spearing the African Wart-Hog. By Captain C. J. MELLIS, 9th Bombay Infantry. With Illustrations by Cecil Aldin, and from Photographs by the Author. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. [This day.]

* * The adventures of a well-known large-game sportsman in a little-known sportsman's Paradise. The doings of Captain Mellis among lions and wart-hogs constitute a record in the annals of sport.

COLONEL FYLER.

THE HISTORY OF THE 50th (THE

QUEEN'S OWN) REGIMENT. From the Earliest Date to the Year 1881. By Col. FYLER, late Commanding the Regiment. With Coloured Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. Crown 4to, 15s. net. [This day.]

* * The plan the author has adopted is to make each campaign in which the Regiment was engaged a connected story of that campaign, and of more than regimental interest, and thus, while giving especial attention to every incident connected with the 50th, not omitting such mention of other Regiments as might be necessary to complete the narrative.

SIR THOMAS WEMYSS REID.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

W. E. FORSTER. By Sir T. WEMYSS REID. A New Complete and Popular Edition with a Preface by the Author and Portraits. Demy 8vo, 6s. [This day.]

* * This is the sixth edition of Sir T. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Forster," and is published in the present form to meet a popular demand.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

AMONG THE GODS: Scenes of India, with Legends by the Way.

By AUGUSTA KLEIN. With 22 Full-page Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, 15s.

NEW HALF-CROWN VOLUME.

FORTHE SAKE OF A SLANDERED WOMAN.

By MARION MOLE. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By P. S. WORSLEY. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

READY MAY 21st.

New and Cheaper Edition, with Supplement.

STORMONTH'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory. The Pronunciation carefully revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELPS, M.A. Cantab. Library Edition. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in half morocco, 18s. net.

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY. SECOND SERIES.

DUALISM AND MONISM; or, Relation and Reality. A Criticism.

By the late Professor VEITCH. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

SECOND EDITION. NOW READY.

A DUKE OF BRITAIN: a Romance of the Fourth Century.

By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A picture brilliant as vivid. . . . admirable in construction . . . and masterly in style."—*Black and White*.

"Sir Herbert Maxwell's brilliant Romance of which all literary London will presently be talking."—*Daily Chronicle*.

NEW WORK ON INDIAN SPORT.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR.

By Sir EDWARD BRADDON, K.C.M.G. With numerous Illustrations by G. D. Giles, and a Map of Oudh Forest Tracts and Nepal Terai. Demy 8vo, 18s.

"A series of delightful papers."—*Graphic*.
"Sir Edward knows how to write as well as how to hunt. . . . A fascinating volume."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"Lively pages . . . full of the zest of a keen sportsman."—*Speaker*.

SECOND EDITION REVISED.

A STUDY OF ETHICAL PRINCIPLES.

By JAMES SETH, M.A., Professor of Philosophy in Brown University, U.S.A. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

STANDARD EDITION. IN HALF-CROWN VOLUMES.

JUST ISSUED.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. Vol. I.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF

JOHN GALT'S NOVELS.

READY IN A FEW DAYS.

THE ANNALS OF THE PARISH AND THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES.

With an Introduction by S. R. CROCKETT. The Text Revised and Edited by D. STOBBER MELDRUM. Fcap. 8vo, with Portrait and Photogravure Illustrations from Drawings by John Wallace. In Two Volumes, each price 3s. net.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

OSGOOD, McILVAINE & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Vols I. and II. will be published MAY 15.

MEMOIRS OF BARRAS

"A work that will very probably prove to be the book of the year."
"For more than half a century students and writers of history have been expecting the publication of the Memoirs of the Vicomte Paul Barras."

"The most interesting of all Barras's pen-and-ink portraits is that of Napoleon. If any mortal could be said to have 'made' Napoleon, it was Barras. To Barras, more than to any man, the friendless, almost despairing young Corsican interloper owed his first chance. Barras was the first to detect genius in the sallow, lanky, underfed, silent, and rather morose lieutenant of artillery. In the end, as all men know, Barras became one of Napoleon's bitterest enemies."

"We understand that 'the connection between Josephine de Beauharnais, Barras, and Bonaparte, is at last told by Barras, with particulars of a piquant order.'"—From *The Daily News*, March 30, 1895.

MEMOIRS OF BARRAS

Member of the Directorate. Edited with a General Introduction, Prefaces, and Appendices, by GEORGE DURUY. Translated by CHARLES E. ROCHE. With Seven Portraits in Heliogravure, Two Facsimiles, and Two Plans. In Four Volumes. Large Demy, handsomely bound in buckram, gilt top, 16s. per volume.

Prospectuses sent free to any part of the World.

NOTICE.—FIRST EDITION being nearly EXHAUSTED, a SECOND EDITION is being rapidly prepared.

By the Author of "In a North Country Village."

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL

A LANCASHIRE NOVEL. By M. E. FRANCIS, Author of "The Story of Dan." Cloth extra, 6s.

"After a course of neurotic novels given up to new women, lawless women, and prodigal daughters, many readers must be disposed to cry, 'Throw up the window and let in the fresh air!' They will find the tonic they need in a wholesome book, a heroine without a mission or a new code of morality, and a plot based upon no wild experiment in ethics, but presenting old-fashioned but elemental problems of conduct and passion in a new form. Such a book is Mrs. Francis's 'A Daughter of the Soil.'" *The Times*.

FIRST UNIFORM AND COMPLETE EDITION OF

THOMAS HARDY'S NOVELS

The First Volume of the Series, "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," is now ready. Containing Two Etchings by H. MACBETH-RAEBURN, and a Map drawn by the Author. The Author is revising his Works specially for this Edition, and will add a Preface to each Volume.

JUST PUBLISHED.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

With an Etching H. MACBETH-RAEBURN, and a Map. Large crown 8vo, handsomely bound, cloth extra, gilt tops, 6s. each.

NOTE.—All other editions out of print.

TO BE ISSUED IN JUNE.

EIGHTH AND CHEAPER EDITION

TRILBY. By GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Illustrated and uniform with "PETER IBBETSON." Cloth extra, 6s.

Edition de Luxe, limited to 250 copies. Printed on Dickinson's hand-made paper, and signed by the Author. In this edition ONLY, will appear fac-similes of Six of the Original Pencil Studies, by the Author, which have been reproduced by P. DUJARDIN; imperial octavo, 42s.

NOW READY.—THE NEW VOLUME OF

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

WITH NEARLY ONE THOUSAND MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS.
Price 8s. 6d.

HARPER'S NEW VOLUME. NOW READY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1895.

The Editors have arranged for an exceptionally strong and attractive programme, the determination being to beat all past records in the departments of Literature, Science, Art, Fiction, Sport, etc.

A notable feature of the Magazine is the fact that at least three-fourths of its contents from month to month are the result of enterprises initiated by its conductors, and involving extraordinary expense to its publishers both for text and illustration.

HARPER'S

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. ONE SHILLING Monthly.

Subscriptions may begin any month. The current volume commenced December. Fifteen shillings per year, post free. In the event of difficulty being experienced in obtaining "HARPER," please communicate with the Publishers.

London: OSGOOD, McILVAINE & CO., 45 Albemarle Street, W.

A. & C. BLACK'S LIST.

NEW BOOKS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

By the Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College; Canon of Rochester. Demy 8vo, price 24s.

PASSAGES OF THE BIBLE chosen for their

Literary Beauty and Interest. By J. G. FRAZER, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Author of "The Golden Bough," "Totemism," etc. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON

QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. Done into English by HENRY EDWARD WATTS. New Edition, with Notes, Original and Selected. In 4 monthly volumes. Large crown 8vo, price 6s. each.

[Volumes I., II., and III. now ready.]

LIFE OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

SAAVEDRA. By H. E. WATTS. (Uniform with above.) With an Autogravure Frontispiece of an Interesting and Original Portrait reproduced from an exact copy of the bust of the figure believed to represent Cervantes in Pacheco's picture at Seville. One vol., price 7s. 6d. [Ready July 1st.]

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY:

Founded on the recently published Journal of D. BOURGOING, Physician to Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL SCOTT, of Abbotsford. With Photogravure Frontispiece of the Blair Portrait, and other 6 Illustrations. Square 8vo, price 12s. 6d. net.

TEXT-BOOK OF OPERATIVE SURGERY.

By Dr. TH. KOCHER, Professor of Surgery, and Director of the Surgical Clinic in the University of Bern. Translated by special permission of the Author from the Second Enlarged and Improved German Edition by HAROLD J. STILES, M.B., C.M., Senior Demonstrator of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh; Assistant Surgeon, Royal Edinburgh Asylum for Sick Children. Illustrated with 185 Cuts in Text. Demy 8vo, price 18s.

A HISTORY OF SLAVERY AND SERFDOM.

By JOHN KELS INGRAM, LL.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; President of the Royal Irish Academy; Author of "A History of Political Economy." Post 8vo, price 6s.

SONGS OF THE SEA AND LAYS OF THE

LAND. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, Author of "The Breitmann Ballads." Cover specially designed by the Author. Large crown 8vo, price 6s.

BRIEFLESS BALLADS AND LEGAL

LYRICS. Second Series. By JAMES WILLIAMS. Square crown 8vo, paper covers, price 2s.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER

SCOTT, BART. New Edition, selected and Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by ANDREW LANG. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, price 5s. each in cloth, or 6s. each half-bound. Uniform with the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels.

NEW NOVELS.

HAUNTED BY POSTERITY. By W. EARL

HODGSON. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

THE GRASSHOPPERS. By Mrs. ANDREW

DEAN, Author of "Isaac Eller's Money," "A Splendid Cousin," "Lesser's Daughter," &c. Crown 8vo, price 6s.

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE. By DOUGLAS

SLADEN, Author of "The Japs at Home." Crown 8vo, price 6s.

PAUL ROMER. By C. Y. HARGREAVES,

Author of "Poste Restante." Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

A. & C. BLACK, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., at 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 11 May, 1895.